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Children's Missionary Story-Sermons

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By
HUGH T. KERR, D.D.
Pastor of Shadyside Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh

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To

Donald Craig

and

His Dear Mother

Foreword

IT was Victor Hugo who said that the Eighteenth Century distinguished itself by the discovery of Man, but the glory of the Nineteenth Century was the discovery of Woman. Were he among us to-day he would complete his interpretation of history by saying that the Twentieth Century belongs to the Child. This is the Children's Century. Anything, therefore, that will help the children find their place in the coming work of the world is worth while, and what work can compare with that of winning the world for Christ?

It was to interest children, first in the wonderful lives of the missionaries themselves, and then in their great work—the greatest work in the world—that these Story-Sermons were written. They grew out of a felt need in my own church work. Leaders of Mission Bands and Lightbearer Circles and teachers of Sunday-school classes were at a loss to discover a method of approach to the missionary problem. Much of the missionary literature prepared for children is from the

adult point of view and much is vague and indefinite. I trust this missionary-method may be of some help to those whose hearts have been given to the children and the world's need.

In writing this companion volume to the "Children's Story-Sermons" which has met with such a friendly welcome, I have kept before me two things: the difficulty of interesting children in missions and the necessity of introducing them to the great leaders of the modern missionary crusade. I have therefore tried to put before them authentic missionary information in definite story form, so as to appeal to the child mind and at the same time I have followed in the footsteps of the master missionaries of the Church. In remembering the story there is reason to believe the missionary will not be forgotten.

The Story-Sermons here told have been approved by the children themselves. They are always the preacher's and the teacher's self-appointed critics, and they alone, in their own country, can unfailingly sift reality from theory, the wheat from the chaff.

HUGH T. KERR.

Shadyside, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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I

The Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed

"A grain of mustard seed."—MATTHEW xiii. 31.

THE first Children's Mission Band that I know anything about was started just about two hundred years ago. It was called "The Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed." We do not call our Mission Bands by such long names. We call them, "The Mizpah Band," "The Travellers," "The Busy Bees," "The Silver Links," "The Golden Links," "The Lightbearers," but this first Mission Band was called "The Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed."

Perhaps you can guess why it was called by such a strange name. You remember, Jesus was one day speaking about the Kingdom of Heaven and how it would begin small, with a few fisher-folk, and then as the years went by it would grow bigger and stronger until it would cover the whole earth and this is what He said:

> "The Kingdom of Heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed which a man took and sowed in his field; Which indeed is the least of all seeds, but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof."

That is why this first little Mission Band was called The Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed. I think it is a good name.

Now, the strangest thing about this Mission Band that was started away over in Europe two hundred years ago is that it was started by a boy. Most of the Mission Bands I know about were started by grown-ups, but this one was thought out and started by a little lad himself. And then, most Mission Bands belong to the girls for boys are sort of shy of missionary meetings, except when there is ice-cream and cake, but The Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed was started by a boy and for boys. He was ten years old when it was organized and it grew into one of the greatest missionary organizations in the world, for it really was the beginning of what we now call the Moravian Church which has missionaries in all parts of the world and is the greatest Missionary Church

in the world, for one out of every sixty of its members is a foreign missionary.

The little lad's name was Zinzendorf. Many never heard his first name and some of us perhaps think he had no first name. But he had, and it was Nicolaus. No one ever called him by his first name, however, unless it was his mother. He was a prince and belonged to an ancient noble family in Austria and everybody called him "Count," and even to-day when any one speaks about him and uses his name it is always "Count" —Count Zinzendorf. The first thing the members of The Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed were pledged to do was this: "The members of our society will love the whole human race." That was a good missionary pledge.

When Count Zinzendorf was a little lad he loved Jesus. Before he was six years old he wrote out and signed this simple pledge:

> Be Thou mine,
> Dear Saviour,
> And I will be Thine.

On his coat of arms he bore the motto, "Our Lamb has won; let us follow Him." That motto became the battle cry of his people and into many lands they have gone.

following their Leader Count Zinzendorf followed faithfully. If you will look in the hymnal which is used in the church, you will find a beautiful hymn which Count Nicolaus L. Von Zinzendorf wrote and which tells us how truly he tried to follow.

"Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow calm and fearless;
Guide us by Thy hand
To our fatherland.

"If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fear o'ertake us;
Let not faith and hope forsake us,
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

"Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our fatherland."

And so you see "The Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed" is the story of the first Mission Band. After all, a Mission Band is one of the greatest things in the world.

II

Under the Haystack

"The field is the world."—MATTHEW xiii. 38.

THEY were having an examination. It was not a school examination and the boys and girls were not very anxious about it. It was a Mission Band examination. They had a little mission study class and the teacher had been telling them a great deal about missionaries and the story of their work in China and India and Africa; the year was nearly over and before the class separated for the summer, they were having an examination. One of the questions was, "Where was Samuel J. Mills born?" and one of the boys quickly answered, "Under a haystack." The teacher laughed and the other children laughed, for who ever heard of a missionary being born under a haystack! Of course the boy was wrong, but how did it happen that he thought of Samuel J. Mills in connection with a haystack?

I will tell you. Over a hundred years ago, in 1806, Samuel J. Mills was a student in

Williams College. At that time there was no Mission Band and no Mission Board and no Missionary Society in all America, but that only made Samuel J. Mills all the more interested, for day and night he was thinking about the people on the other side of the world who had not yet heard about Jesus and did not know the good news of the Gospel. One day, after he had thought and prayed about it for a long time, he asked a few of his young men friends to meet with him under the trees, over in the grove, behind the college. They met there and talked about the need of sending the Gospel to the heathen and strange to say each one of them had been thinking about it himself and was ready to go if some one would send him. While they were talking the matter over an awful thunder-storm came up and it began to rain heavily, but spying a great haystack not far off they all made for it and there they were sheltered from the storm. While the storm held them prisoners they held a missionary prayer-meeting under the haystack and each of them prayed that God would open the hearts of the Christians of America to send the Gospel to other lands. The little boy knew that something was born under the haystack, but it was not Samuel J. Mills but

the American Board of Foreign Missions, for that was the beginning of the Foreign Mission movement in America.

And now, on every Commencement day at Williams College the students, graduates and professors march from the College Hall to the place where the haystack was and hold a little prayer service asking God to bless the missionaries and to pray that the love of missionary work may not die out of the college. The haystack is not there now nor has it been for years and years, but a tall shaft of marble marks the place where it once was, and on top of it a globe to represent the world and under the globe on the marble column are these words:

"*The Field is the World.*"

"*The Birthplace of American Foreign Missions, 1806.*"

Samuel J. Mills,
James Richards,
Francis L. Robbins,
Harvey Loomis,
Byram Green.

You see now how the little boy came to say that Samuel J. Mills was born under a haystack.

Prayer is the greatest power in the world.

When Jesus said, 'Pray ye therefore that the Lord of the harvest will thrust forth labourers into His harvest," He knew that when His followers would pray earnestly the work of winning the world for God would be well on its way, for when people are willing to pray they soon become willing to help God answer their own prayers. One of the very best missionary prayers in the world is the prayer Jesus taught us and which is called "The Lord's Prayer." When we say "Our Father" we remember that God loves the children of every land. When we say "Thy Kingdom Come" we are praying that in every heart and in every nation Jesus may be crowned King. Like Samuel J. Mills, we must first of all crown Him King in our own hearts and then pray that He may be King over the whole world.

III

The Knotted Handkerchief

"All that she had."—Luke xxi. 4.

Of course you all know the story of Hiawatha! But I imagine you do not know who it is that is spoken of in these words which I have taken from that beautiful story:

"All the old men of the village,
All the warriors of the nation,
All the Jossabeeds, the prophets,
The magicians, the Wabenos,
And the medicine men, the Medas,
Came to bid the strangers welcome.

"'It is well,' they say, 'O brother,
That you come so far to see us.'
In a circle round the doorway,
With their pipes they sat in silence
Waiting to behold the strangers,
Waiting to receive their message,
Till the Black Robe Chief, the pale face,
From the wigwam came to greet them,
Stammering in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar."

Would you like to know who the "Black Robe Chief, the pale face," was? His name

was John Eliot, a fine, simple, plain name. He was a minister and a missionary, the first missionary to the American Indians. It was away back in 1646. He met the Indians in the wigwam of Waban, a great man among the Indians, and John Eliot talked to them about the Gospel for three hours—a pretty long sermon—and when he had finished telling them about God's great love for them, there were tears in many eyes and people tell us that Indians never cry ; but that is not true. Indians are much like other people and it is a great pity that early in the history of our country there were not more men like John Eliot, who loved them well enough to teach them about God, for then they would have been helpers and not hinderers in what we call the path of progress. The Indians were strong and brave and made wonderful fighters in time of war, but if they had learned to love as they had learned to hate they would have been equally strong to fight against sin as good soldiers of our Lord Jesus.

John Eliot taught hundreds of Indians to read and pray, and they loved him. It was in the state of Massachusetts that he lived and worked among his Indian people, and there they built a town and called it Noonatoman or "Rejoicing"—the name spoke

their joy and happiness in hearing and knowing the Gospel.

Indian names are hard, queer names but John Eliot learned their language. Think of saying Noowamantammooonkanunonnash when you try to tell people you "love" them, for that is the word for "love." And they "loved" John Eliot. They could not help loving him. He was kind to them. He called them his "Praying Indians."

He was kind to the poor whether they were Indians or white people, for he was the pastor of a little church where white people worshipped, as well as being a missionary to the Indians. One day the little church had paid him his month's salary and knowing how kind and generous he was to the poor they had tied it up in a handkerchief and tied it as tight as they could. First the two opposite corners were tied in a knot and then the other two corners and then the ends were knotted and knotted, until they were too short to knot. It looked like a home-made baseball for a little boy.

On his way home he visited a family that was very poor. There was nothing in the house and the little children were hungry. The missionary prayed with them, but he was not satisfied to pray and leave. Out

from his pocket in his coat-tail he drew his knotted handkerchief to give them a little money. First he tried to untie the knots with his fingers, then with his teeth, then with both his fingers and his teeth but he could not undo them. One wonders why he did not cut the handkerchief with his knife but I guess he did not think of that. Vexed and impatient because he could not untie the knots he gave the poor woman everything, money and handkerchief, knots and all, saying to her, "The dear Lord must have meant it *all* for you." No wonder people loved him, and no wonder there were 3,600 praying Indians in his parish before God called him into rest. And this was the motto of his life:—

"Prayer and Pains
Through Faith in Jesus Christ
Will do anything."

IV

The Golden Chariot

"A chariot of fire and horses of fire."—2 KINGS ii. 11.

A LITTLE Scotch boy was lying one day in the heather beside a mountain stream. He was looking up at the white fleecy clouds that were wandering like a flock of sheep over the fields of the sky. The water of the mountain brook was singing a pretty song and before he knew it the little lad was fast asleep. As he slept he dreamed and this was his dream. He saw above him a glorious light. It was as bright as the sunlight into which he had been looking with open-eyed wonder before he fell asleep. Then from the glorious light there came forth a wonderful golden chariot drawn by horses of fire. Down the sky it came faster than the lightning and stopped suddenly at his feet, and although he saw no one he heard a voice that was as sweet as the music of the mountain brook and it said to him, "Come up hither. I have work for thee to do."

The lad rose up to follow the golden chariot but when he stood upon his feet he awoke

and then he knew it was a dream. But God sometimes speaks in dreams and the boy never forgot that call from the golden chariot, "Come up hither. I have work for thee to do," and in his waking hours he followed and at last he answered the call and found the work.

This is how he answered the call. One day he went to his room and locking the door he kneeled down beside his bed and this is what he said to God: "O Lord, Thou knowest that silver and gold to give to the missionary cause I have none; what I have I give unto Thee. I offer myself; wilt Thou accept the gift?" God did accept the gift and Alexander Duff, the Scotch lad who had heard the voice calling from the golden chariot, found his work, and became one of the greatest preachers of the missionary Gospel the world ever heard, and one of the first and finest missionaries to the great land of India.

I want you to be careful and listen, for God is ever calling, and it is usually a little child whom He calls. When He calls I know you will rise up and follow. I know a little girl just eleven who loves best of all to sing this.

"Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, Christian, follow Me."

V

The Boat that was Shipwrecked

"I suffered shipwreck."—2 Cor. xi. 25.

Before Alexander Duff reached India he was twice shipwrecked. On the very coast of India only a few miles from what was to be his home an awful storm struck the ship and sent it a broken, shattered wreck upon the shore. The first night in India he slept in a heathen temple.

But his first shipwreck was more dangerous and more terrible. He had sailed from his home for India in the *Lady Holland*. He had been a great student and had won many honours in the colleges of his own land and gathered together in his poverty what was his dearest possession—a library of eight hundred volumes. When the ship went on the rocks near the Cape of Good Hope everything was lost, his clothes, his trunks, and what he valued most—his books. All gone!

When they were safe on land, on a bleak and barren, cold country, they looked a desolate and unhappy company.

On the shore the missionary watched, hoping he might still find something from the wreck floating on the sea.

At last he did spy something. It was very small, however, and he thought it hardly worth saving. It was washed up on the shore and when he picked it up he found it was his own Bible and Psalter. He thought it very strange that of his eight hundred volumes only one book was saved and it the Bible. He thought God wished him to know that that one book was worth all the other seven hundred and ninety-nine which he had lost and that he was to make it the chief study of his life. He opened it and there on that lonely shore, to his shipwrecked friends he read one of the beautiful Psalms of the Old Testament. How sweet the words were:

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifeth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth

them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven. Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

When Alexander Duff reached India and began his work the first thing he did was to begin a school, to give the Hindu boys a good education, and in that school they studied the Bible. The Bible for him was the first among all books and his greatest desire was to teach it to others who did not know it. His Bible School was the first of its kind in India. It was held under a banyan tree, for they had no buildings, and the first day there were just five boys present. At the end of the first week three hundred had asked to be taught and every day they studied the Bible and learned to love it. In a few years had you been present you could have seen a thousand scholars, with splendid school buildings, and heard them sing:

"Holy Bible! Book divine,
Precious Treasure, thou art mine;
Mine to tell me whence I came,
Mine to tell me what I am."

VI

The Indian Interpreter

"He spake unto them by an interpreter."
—Genesis xlii. 23.

When David Brainerd went to preach to the Indians he could not talk to them in their own language. He lived with them, and ate their food and did his best to talk to them but it was a long while before they could understand him. He had his own wigwam and fried his own cakes made with Indian meal. He slept on a bundle of straw and was often very lonely. "How then," you ask, "could he preach to the Indians if he did not know their language?"

Well, until he could speak to them in the Indian language he used an interpreter. You know an interpreter is some one who hears what you say in your language and tells it to others in the language they can understand. The Indians among whom David Brainerd worked were very wicked. They had learned nothing of the good and much of the bad from their white neighbours, on the Delaware River, in the early days of

our country, for it was away back in 1744. He could get no Christian Indian who knew English and so he had to take what he could find.

The name of the man he found was Moses Tinda Tautamy. Surely that is a fine name for an interpreter, for Moses is a good name in many languages and Tinda Tautamy is a good Indian name. Moses Tinda Tautamy had been a drunkard but when he acted as interpreter for David Brainerd he kept sober. He was not, however, interested in the sermons and prayers which he heard and spoke again to his own people. Indeed he was very unfit for his work and took little interest in making the Indians understand what his master was trying to tell them.

One day, however, Mr. Brainerd was preaching to an audience of white people and Moses Tinda Tautamy, the interpreter, was present, and as that day he did not need to translate what was said into Indian he had nothing to do but listen. And he did listen. He was interested and next day he talked to the missionary about the sermon and began to pray. It took a long while, however, for that sermon to bear fruit, but in the end the fruit ripened. He was not very strong and one night while ill in his own wigwam he

was afraid and could not sleep. He thought he was trying to climb a steep, steep mountain up to heaven. The way was covered with thorns and he could find no path. He tried again and again but always slipped back. He found he could make no progress and there was no one near to help. He was ready to give up when he thought he heard a voice speaking to him quite plainly. It said, "There is hope; there is hope." Then Jesus came and he found the path and climbed the mountains and entered into the place of rest and peace.

After that Moses Tinda Tautamy was more than an interpreter. He was a helper and became a missionary himself, for when David Brainerd spoke to the Indians the interpreter would put his own heart and his own faith and love into the words and the Indians who listened knew that Moses was a new man.

If you will read the life of David Brainerd you will find that after this change which came into the life of Moses Tinda Tautamy, many Indians became Christians and the work of the missionary was crowned with success. After all, we too are interpreters. We are all of us telling others about Jesus, who is our Lord and Master. Are we telling the story well or do we sometimes misinterpret it?

VII

Kapiolani the Brave

"Fear thou not; for I am with thee."—ISAIAH xli. 10.

KAPIOLANI was the queen of the Hawaiian Islands. She was a heathen queen. She worshipped the goddess Pele who had her dwelling in the great burning mountain Kilauea.

Whenever the mountain burned and sent up smoke and flame the priest of Pele came among the people and told them that the goddess was hungry and called for food.

Then he would choose some one from among the people, perhaps a bride or a little child, some young man or stalwart warrior, and present a peace offering to the goddess, casting the human sacrifice into the mouth of the volcano. Kapiolani was even worse than the priests of Pele, for she too was ignorant and cruel and superstitious. When first seen by the missionaries she was sitting alone in the sun, upon a bare rock, oiling herself.

She was a mean, low-minded savage.

Then she heard the Gospel and became a real Christian queen.

People who had seen her first could not believe she was the same person.

She became beautiful and dressed herself neatly and began to help her people.

She took the sacred royal relics which the people worshipped from the sacred temple and hid them away in caves where no one could find them.

But the people still feared and worshipped Pele who had her home in the burning mountain.

One day the mountain burned and cast up fire and black smoke and the old priest came down among the people to choose another sacrifice. Kapiolani met the priest and told him there would be no more offerings made to Pele, and he was angry and the mountain burned and the people were afraid.

Nevertheless the priest chose his victim, for the people still feared and worshipped the dreadful goddess and were afraid to deny the priest his request, and choosing the choicest youth he could find they went up the steep side of Kilauea, the burning mountain.

Kapiolani followed.

She determined that there would be no sacrifice and that she would defy Pele and

her priest as Elijah did the priests of Baal on Mount Carmel. The priest begged her to return but she went on. She picked the sacred berries of the mountain, meant only for the goddess, and ate them and sang the songs of her Christian faith as she drew near to the mouth of the smoking mountain.

What a brave Christian she was! We must remember that while we know there was nothing to fear from the burning mountain, she had always feared it, and her people still believed in the power of the goddess to harm and destroy. If you will take your Bible and look through it you will be surprised to find how often God tells His people not to fear. "Fear thou not." "Fear not." "Be not afraid." "Why are ye so fearful?" "Let not your heart be troubled." True religion, which is love, casts out fear. If we only love God enough we will fear nothing.

The priest trembled and the people feared, for they thought Pele would strike the queen dead. But Kapiolani was not afraid. She knew her own God was the only God and that there was no power that could harm her and God's Spirit spoke to her and said, "Fear thou not: for I am with thee." Alone she stood upon the edge of the crater and

casting the sacred rod which she had snatched from the old priest's hands into the fire she cried:

"Pele! Here I break your power!
Smite me! Smite me!
Smite me with thy dreadful doom!
Smite me, Pele. Smite me."

Nothing happened and turning to the priest she said:

"Pele comes not! Is she sleeping?
Is she wandering to-day?
Is she busy with her burnings,
Is she stricken with decay?"

Then the old priest in his anger cried:

"Smite her, Pele! Pele, smite her!
Smite her with thy dreadful doom!
Smite her, Pele! smite her!"

Still nothing happened and Kapiolani turning to the people who now admired her for her courage said:

"Hear me, friends.
There is no Pele.
One true God there is!
His this mountain:
His these burnings:
You and I and all things His!
Goodness, mercy, loving kindness,
Life Eternal, all things His!"

The people were wondering and thinking and a new hope—the hope of a loving God—was awakening in their hearts and the Christian queen, turning her back upon Kilauea, the burning mountain, and lifting up her hands to heaven, said:

"From this day
Let no man tremble
When he feels the mountain shake:
From this day no man or maiden
Shall be killed for Pele's sake:
From this day we pass forever
From the scourge of Pele's rod:
From this day Thou Lord Jehovah,
Be our one and only God."

If you will find a book called "The Pageant of Darkness and Light" you will find these wonderful words set to beautiful music and if you will read the rest of the story of Kapiolani, the Hawaiian queen, you will learn how she helped make her beautiful island a Christian country and how she lived a beautiful Christian life and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

When we think of her early life and her Christian courage we, too, feel like saying:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name;
Let angels prostrate fall.
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown Him Lord of all."

VIII

President Cleveland and the Dog Story

"He leadeth me."—PSALM xxiii. 3.

"I WISH that missionary had told us more about his dogs!"

It was Sunday and President and Mrs. Cleveland had been to church and were talking about the service while driving home together to the White House.

Mrs. Cleveland told the missionary what the President had said when he called next day to take dinner with them at the White House.

The missionary laughed and said that it would be hardly right for him on Sunday and in the pulpit to tell nothing but dog stories, but as it was now Monday and not Sunday and as it was the White House and not the Presbyterian Church he would tell the President and Mrs. Cleveland a real dog story. And this is the story:

The best dog he had was Voyageur. He was a long legged, ugly looking mongrel dog, but the greatest leader-dog he ever

drove. When he was harnessed to the sled he was keen and quick and always in the lead, but when he was idle he was sulky and sullen and surly and preferred to be let alone and hated to be caressed and loved like other dogs.

He would lead the other dogs which were harnessed to the sled in a long tandem team,—that is, one in front of the other,—and through the dense forests and over the ice-bound lakes and rivers he would lead on even when the blinding blizzards made it impossible for the driver to see. But Voyageur was getting old and the missionary wanted to train a new leader, for among dogs as among boys and girls and men and women, leaders are hard to find. Not one dog in ten can be trained to become a good leader. They do well in second or third or fourth place but will not do to be first in the team. Sometimes an untried leader would stop and let the sled run on, and suddenly the driver would find the leader looking at him over his shoulder from the rear instead of being far on ahead.

One day the missionary put a fine St. Bernard dog in front of Voyageur to see how he would do. Voyageur said nothing and the driver went back to the sled, drew

on his mits, covered himself with robes and cracking his whip started. He was surprised to discover the first dog standing alone off the path watching the sled go by and old Voyageur leading on as usual. What do you think had happened and how did Voyageur still lead the team?

When the missionary looked at the traces of the St. Bernard dog, which were made of moose skin, he found that old Voyageur had cut them with his teeth while he was going back to the sled, and so the new leader was left alone, out in the cold.

The missionary scolded Voyageur, and repairing the harness put Jack in front again, and as he returned to the sled watched what Voyageur would do, and sure enough he began again to cut the traces with his sharp teeth. Turning back the missionary caught him and gave him a good whipping and arranging the team, again started off. But Voyageur was angry and indignant and when he found he could not succeed in getting Jack from the front his old proud spirit left him and putting his tail between his legs he slouched along the path as if he had lost his best friend. He was never quite the same afterwards. He never forgave his master for putting a young untrained pup to lead

the team. He refused to be comforted even though the missionary gave him the warmest bed and the best food. He often led the team afterwards but his spirit was gone. One day after he watched the team start away without him, for he was not needed and was growing old, he began to howl and whine and then went off to his kennel and died. Poor old Voyageur! He could not learn to take second place and was too proud to let a younger and stronger and better leader take his place. Boys and girls and men and women are often just like old Voyageur. They do not like to take second place even when there is some one who can do better. There is only one Leader who never gives up His place It is Jesus, and the Bible calls Him "a Leader and Commander of the people."

This was only one of the dog stories which Dr. Egerton R. Young, the missionary to the North American Indians, told President and Mrs. Cleveland that day in the White House. No one loved dogs and the out-of-door world more than he, and from that day both President and Mrs. Cleveland were interested in the missionary's work in the far West, and did all they could to help and encourage him. If you want to read about wigwams and

Indians and canoes and dog sleds and Northern camp-fires, there is no one can tell you more about them than he, and all the while he was carrying the good news of the Gospel to the poor Indians of the far Canadian North and West, and because of his long hard journeys thousands of Indians learned to read the Bible and because of him hundreds of little chapels and churches were organized for them all over the great Northwest. He was one of the happiest men I ever knew and in his busy dangerous life he knew no fear. He was a good leader of men, and it was his joy to lead hundreds out of darkness into God's own marvellous light.

IX

"Jolly Good Fun"

"The beloved physician."—Col. iv. 14.

In the summer he does his work in a beautiful ship which has a little hospital inside, nicely fitted up to take care of sick people. He is a doctor, and visits the fisher-folk along the bleak, bare coast of Labrador and Newfoundland. What a bleak and bare land it is! I have seen it and hardly a goat could live there, I thought. One of the finest gardens on that rocky coast line is about as big as my back yard and it is owned and used by a dozen different families. The people are very poor and live by fishing. In the winter the awful cold and snow come down and they huddle in their little huts and eat their salt fish and wait for the ice to melt and the ships to move again. In the winter this wonderful doctor hitches up his half-wild dogs and travels hundreds of miles in the bitter cold to visit the sick people and bring them help and healing.

Perhaps you know something about this strange missionary doctor and may even

know his name. It is Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell and he is a missionary of the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen. Summer and winter 500 miles up and 500 miles down that dangerous coast he has gone for years and now he has three hospitals and his boat, which is called *The Strathcona*, and if you talk to him of the dangers and perils of the sea and the snow he will just laugh at you and tell you that he thinks it is "jolly good fun." Of course he means the fun of doing good.

One day a call came to him to visit a little boy seventy miles to the north. The little fellow had broken his thigh and was in great pain and a messenger had come over the long White Way to ask the doctor if he would come and help him. Of course he would come! He would come as soon as he could. The dogs were harnessed; they were half-wild wolf dogs, but my! how they could pull the sled over the snow! It was ten degrees below freezing and before they got well started one of the dogs fell through a hole in the ice and was lost. They started again and the wind was blowing from the north and the cold was biting, but on and on they went over the ice until they came near the land.

They were a mile from the shore and the

current in the river under the ice was strong and the ice not very thick. The doctor started off on a run to try the ice near the shore, but before he knew it there was a splash and he was in the dark, cold water. He said afterwards that the best thing to do in such a case is to "keep cool" and in ice water one would think that not a hard thing to do. Being a good swimmer and very strong he was soon on the strong ice again. They were ten miles from the nearest house and the frost froze his clothing until he seemed as if clothed in a coat of stiff and shining steel. He would soon freeze to death if he did not get it off, so they turned and fled with the wind, back to a little woods they had just left, a mile behind. How those dogs ran! There, in the shelter of the woods with a rubber poncho spread over the snow under a snug thicket of spruce trees, he took off several coats of mail, for coat and shirt and underclothing were stiff as steel and cold as ice. That was a cold bath and a warm dressing room! How would you like to dress under the trees in the winter? Yet that is what the doctor calls "jolly good fun," for soon he was warm and off again to the house where the little lad lay and suffered. He found the boy in great pain lying in his

father's arms. "Every minute or two," said the doctor, "there would be a jerk, a flash of pain and a cry." The doctor soon eased his pain and worked with him from ten o'clock till one, when everything was finished and the lad fast asleep.

That night Dr. Grenfell slept on the floor and when he awoke in the morning the little sufferer was awake and as merry as a cricket.

Of course he wanted the doctor to stay but there was a poor woman in great distress sixty miles away and the sled and the dogs were ready, so bidding his little patient good-bye, the kind-hearted doctor was off to his work and his "jolly good fun."

They call him the St. Nicholas of the Labrador and he is, for every year the children of Canada and the United States send him toys and dolls at Christmas and he takes them to the poor little children of that far-away cold Labrador coast.

Why does Dr. Grenfell live in that dangerous land trying to help these poor lonely people? If you ask him he will only smile and say, "It is such jolly good fun." But we know why. He is a follower of the Lord Jesus who went about doing good.

X

The Moving Picture

"Seek ye first."—MATTHEW vi. 33.

CHARLES SIMEON was a great lover of young men. He was a preacher in Cambridge where one of the great English universities is and one day in the middle of his sermon a young man came down the aisle and the preacher stopped suddenly and then said to the people, "Here come 600 people." That was his odd way of telling them that a young man was worth 600 ordinary folk. Especially did he love one young man and if it was of him he spoke we would not wonder, for Henry Martyn was far from being an ordinary young man. He was only twenty years old when he graduated from the University but he carried off the highest prize and tells us how surprised he was when he heard his name called. He was only thirty-one when he died in Arabia, but he had travelled through India and Persia, and translated the New Testament into the Persian language and gave the people the word of God in their own tongue.

When he died, Mr. Simeon mourned for him as if he had been his own son, and in his library hung his picture so that he might always see his face. It was such a strange picture! Wherever he went the eyes of Henry Martyn seemed to follow him and seemed to say to him, "Be earnest, be earnest! don't trifle, don't trifle." Simeon was a good man and a great man and pausing for a while to look at the face that seemed as if it could speak he would say, "Yes, I will! I will be earnest, I will not trifle; for souls are perishing and Jesus is to be glorified; yes, I will be in earnest, I will not trifle."

And Charles Simeon was not the only one who felt that Henry Martyn was watching and saying to him, "Don't trifle, be in earnest." And a sweeter face than Henry Martyn's seems to follow us and He too is ever saying to us: "Don't trifle. Be in earnest. Seek ye first the Kingdom of God."

It is a good thing to put first things first.

XI

The Prison Pillow

"For his pillows."—GENESIS xxviii. 11.

WHO was it that slept with stones for a pillow? What a hard pillow that would be! I know a wonderful story about a man who slept with a book for a pillow! Would you like to hear it? It is a story about Adoniram Judson.

He had gone from America to the far-off land of Burma as a missionary. For nearly two years his friends had had no word from him and they did not know whether he was dead or alive. Like Livingstone he was lost. He was not lost, however, in a great open continent like Africa, but in a dark, dirty prison. He had been busy translating the Bible into the Burmese language and had nearly completed it, for this man had learned to read when he was only three years old and was a brilliant student of language. He had nearly completed his work when one day, without knowing why, twelve men, one of them having a spotted face, came to his home and bound him with cords and carried

him off to prison. The man with the spotted face was the executioner and was a cruel and wicked man.

Dr. Judson was put into a dark, dirty stable with no windows and only the cracks between the boards to let in a little air and light. In that dark prison a hundred robbers were crowded. On his feet were five pairs of fetters and every night lest he would try to escape he was chained with all the rest of the prisoners to a long pole. Outside a great lion was roaring day and night, for the wicked king would not give it food because he thought it belonged to the English, with whom he was at war.

He was not in prison because he was a bad man, remember. He was a great and good man. Good men have often been in prison. Joseph was in an Egyptian prison and Peter and Paul were in a Roman prison, and John Bunyan, who wrote "The Pilgrim's Progess," was in an English prison and Dr. Judson was in a prison in Burma for Jesus' sake.

He was anxious about his new Burmese Bible, for he knew the day would come when the wicked people who had put him in prison would be able to read it and to know about the great God who loved them and cared for

them and some day they would learn to be Christians and would thank the missionary for what he had done for them.

Mrs. Judson by giving the jailer a little money had learned how to get into the awful prison, and one day he asked her to bring the sheets of paper on which he had written the Burmese Bible. She thought she could get it to him; at least she would try. Once she had brought him a mince pie made out of buffalo meat, but the thought of her courage and tenderness so touched his heart that he could not eat it and he gave it to another prisoner. Once she sent a message to him on the bottom of a cake she baked, and by stuffing scraps of paper into the mouth of the old coffee-pot which her Burmese servant carried to the prison, she had been able to write to him, so she thought she could perhaps get the copy of the Bible to him. And she did. How do you think she did it? She took the big pile of paper on which he had written the beautiful words and then wrapped them up in a bundle of rags and sewed them together so as to make them look like a pillow. Such a pillow! It was more like a rag-bag and when the servant took it to the prisoner the wicked jailer looked at it and laughed and let Dr. Judson have it.

Every night his head was pillowed on that strange bundle where the work of many days and nights was hidden. I suppose he slept a little sweeter because his head was pillowed upon the precious promises of God's word, and he would think of promises like these:

"Fear thou not for I am with thee."

"Let not your heart be troubled."

"I will give you rest."

"I will never leave thee."

"The Lord is my shepherd."

"Call upon Me in the day of trouble
and I will answer thee."

And God did answer him and after nearly two years he came out of the prison a free man.

But what became of the pillow?

When he went out of the prison the jailer stole all his things, his mat and his covers, everything but the mean old rag-bag which was thrown out of the door on the rubbish heap. They had no use for such a bundle of rags. Now Moung-Ing, the servant who had taken the pillow to Dr. Judson, was keeping watch, and when no one was looking he got the pillow and took it to the home of the missionary.

To-day when the thousands of Burmese Christians read the Bible it is from the translation which was hidden in the prison pillow that had been thrown out upon the rubbish heap.

God works in strange ways. The Bible says His ways are not our ways for His ways are higher and better than our ways, and after the cruel days were over Adoniram Judson knew God's way was best. I will tell you the first verse of a beautiful hymn you ought to know and perhaps you will find it and read every one of its six verses.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

XII

The Sailor's Friend

"I have called you friends."—JOHN XV. 15.

GRIFFITH JOHN always seemed to me such an odd name and I never was quite sure whether it should be Griffith John or John Griffith, but now I know that Griffith John is right even though I still think that John is better for a first than for a last name.

This story-sermon, however, is not about Griffith John but about Mrs. Griffith John, for sometimes we are apt to forget that the missionary's wife is as good a missionary as is her much-praised husband. Mrs. Griffith John lived in the Chinese city of Shanghai. She was a lovely, cultured Christian lady. She had not been long in that Chinese city before she looked around for something to do for the Master whom she loved and served.

She soon made her discovery. One day as she was on her way to the English chapel she passed six half-drunken sailors on the street. You know a great many ships come and go from the harbour at Shanghai. Each of the sailors had a bottle of whiskey under his arm and was on his way to the ship to

drink with his comrades. Mrs. John stopped and turned back. A great thought had come to her. Those boys had mothers somewhere on the other side of the world who were watching and waiting and praying for them. So she went and spoke to them. She was very beautiful and they were surprised because of her interest in them.

No one knows what she said to them and they never told, but people in that Chinese city wondered when they saw a cultured Christian lady talking on the street with six drunken sailors. They were more surprised, however, when they saw each of the sailors fling his whiskey bottle into the ditch at the side of the road. Of course the bottles were smashed as they ought to have been long before, but the noise made many more people turn and look and they could hardly believe their eyes when they saw the six sailor lads walk off with the lady. She walked in the middle of the street, with three sailors on each side of her, acting as if they were her self-appointed body-guard. They marched down through the city to the Union Chapel and took part, as far as they were able, in the service, and after it was over went home with her for tea. Think of that! They had not been in a home for months and

had not had a woman's hand serve them since they left their own home, perhaps years ago. After tea they sang some old-fashioned hymns, and happy-hearted and glad they went back to their ship. They had entered all at once into a new and beautiful life and in that far-away wicked city they had found a friend. They began to call her, "The Sailor's Friend." When they went to sea they did not forget her and often wrote her wonderful letters that made her heart glad. Here is one of the letters she received from one of the lads:

DEAREST MOTHER:

Is there anything wrong in smoking? There is a young chap on board *The Frolic* who told me last night when he saw me smoking that I had not given up all for Jesus, so I thought I would ask you if you think it is wrong, and I will give it up.

I will do nothing that my Saviour does not love; and anything you do not like I will not do. I would not displease you if I knew it; you who have promised to be my mother. You do not know how I love you as a mother, more now than when I was with you. You were kinder to me than any one else has ever been.

If I had not known you I would not have known Jesus.

YOUR OWN SON.

The Frolic.

Every Sunday evening the sailors from the ships in the harbour would come to her home and have tea and then enjoy the religious service she herself would conduct for them. When she went to the city of Hankow, where Dr. Griffith John had his mission, she carried on the same work with still greater success. During a visit to England her friends gave her enough money to build a little chapel and it was called by the beautiful name, "The Sailor's Rest." In that chapel and in her home many lonely sailors were cheered and comforted and many of them became happy and useful Christians.

No wonder they loved to call her "The Sailor's Friend." To be called a friend is a great honour. They called Florence Nightingale "The Soldier's Friend" and you remember what they called Jesus. It was such a wonderful, such a beautiful name. They called Him "The Sinner's Friend," and to us as to His disciples He says, "I have called you friends." How sweet it is to know that He is our Friend, our best Friend.

"I've found a Friend; O such a **Friend,**
So kind, so true and tender!
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender!"

XIII

The Champion Bicycle Rider

"In the paths of righteousness."—PSALM xxiii. 3.

THE first bicycles were not like those we see on the street now. Of course they had two wheels, for every bicycle must have two wheels, but one was a big, a very big wheel, as big as a wagon wheel, and the other was a little wheel as small as the smallest wheel on a baby buggy. The little wheel was behind and the big wheel in front, and the rider sat away up on top of the big wheel. You would laugh at it to-day if you saw one on the street.

It was on this sort of wheel the first bicycle races were run. The world's professional champion in those early days was John Keen, but he was defeated by a young man from Scotland by the name of Ion Keith Falconer. He was the son of an earl and his home was in a wonderful castle in Scotland. He was strong and tall and handsome. When he was nineteen he measured six feet three inches and when he was mounted on

his big wheel, which he called "The Leviathan," the front wheel of which was seven feet high, he looked like "everything."

He wrote the story of his race with the world champion to a friend. It was written in shorthand, to Mr. Isaac Pitman, the inventor of shorthand, and this is what he said:

"The first thing to be done was to knock off smoking, which I did; the next to rise early in the morning and breathe the fresh air before breakfast, which I did; next to go to bed not later than ten, which I did; next to eat wholesome food and not too much meat or pastry, which I did; and finally to take plenty of breathing exercise in the open air, which I did.

"What was the result? I met Keen on Wednesday last, the 23d of October, and amid the most deafening applause or rather yells of delight, this David slew the great Goliath."

The time was the fastest on record, the five miles being covered in fifteen minutes and eleven seconds. The letter closed with the words, "I am bound to say smoking is bad." He became the most popular bicycle rider of his day and was the first to ride from Land's End to John O'Groat's, that is, from the lowest point of England to the farthest point of Scotland. He did it in thirteen days, and at

Harrow, his old school, they marked the progress he made every day by putting a little red flag on the map which hung in the schoolroom.

Many boys think that if they could only become a champion in anything—in baseball, or football, or tennis or golf or running or jumping or riding it would be a goal worth while and they would be satisfied. But Ion Keith Falconer was far from satisfied.

He was a real Christian and just as he was finishing a fine college career he wrote to his best friend: "Pray constantly for me that I may be led along the right path." He knew what a right path was. Everybody who has ridden a bicycle knows what a right path is. It is a safe path and one that leads to the goal and the path God showed him led him to Arabia, where for a few short years he told the story of Jesus and His love to people who knew little of hope or happiness.

In Arabia, the land where this noble young man lived and died, they tell a story something like this: There was a beggar who lay at the king's gate and day by day as the king rode out he gave the beggar a present. One day the king came out and found he had forgotten something he needed and asked the beggar to bring it to him from the

palace. The beggar was angry and said to the king who had been so kind to him, "Sir, I ask for gifts; I do not run errands." What a mean man he was! But listen! Jesus is our King and from His hand we have received such wonderful gifts of love and life and home and friends. When He asks us to do something for Him are we quick to respond, or do we hesitate and object like the mean beggar at the king's gate? When Ion Keith Falconer, who had received so much in life, heard the King call him, he rose up immediately and followed.

"Finding, following, seeking, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
Angels, prophets, saints and martyrs
Answer, Yes!"

XIV

The Trunk that Came Home

"Rich in good works."—1 Tim. vi. 18.

It was a very old trunk and it hardly held together. It had travelled far and been knocked about until it was nearly a wreck. It was an English trunk and evidently it had been bought in England many years ago but had been in other lands.

On the side of the trunk were the letters, W. C. B. It had come all the way from China to England. A few people were present in a humble English home to open it and among them a little girl. She was looking at it with wondering eyes. It had come from China, and China was a strange, far-off country and there would be in it such strange queer things, and so her eyes were opened wide to see all there was to see She had often heard her father and mother speak about the great man to whom the trunk belonged, for W. C. B. stood for William C. Burns, one of the Lord's missionaries in China. Some one once asked a Chinese

Christian if he knew William C. Burns. The man replied, "Know him, sir? All China knows him. He is the holiest man alive."

And now William C. Burns was dead and they had sent his trunk home with all that belonged to him hidden away in it. The little girl knew all about it and wondered what strange and curious things they would find inside.

What a surprise she got! When they opened it this is what they found:

Some sheets of paper, printed in Chinese.
A Chinese Bible.
An English Bible.
An old writing case.
Two small books.
A Chinese lantern.
One Chinese dress.
A little blue flag—which had belonged to "The Gospel Boat."

That was all; nobody said anything, for everybody was thinking. Even the little lady who had watched everything was thinking and then in the hush of the home she whispered, "Surely he must have been very poor."

Yes, he was poor, very poor, but still he was rich. He had lived in China and preached the Gospel for years, dressing like

the Chinese and eating Chinese food and living a rich and beautiful Christian life. You remember Paul said he, too, was poor, yet he possessed all things, for he possessed life and God's great love, and it was said of Jesus that though He was rich yet for our sakes He became poor, that we through His poverty might become rich, and William C. Burns was poor but he made many rich, rich in love and faith and Christian hope. We too can be "rich in good works" if we will by kindness, love and mercy make life sweeter and easier for those for whom it is hard. One of the best ways to make life sweet is to tell people about Jesus, "whose yoke is easy and whose burden is light," and in whose love there is perfect peace and rest.

XV

The Little Girl of the Hills

"Feed My lambs."—John xxi. 15.

An-lin was just four years old when she was found. Would you like to know something about her and how she was found? She was a little Chinese girl but no one knew anything about her; nobody ever heard of her father or her mother, and no one knew where her home was. Even she, herself, did not remember anything about her parents, or her home, or her friends. She was a little famine orphan.

It was in the year 1877, when what is called the First Famine in the Royal Province of Shantung took place. There was nothing to eat; no rain had fallen for months and months, and there was no rice and no grain. Fathers and mothers were selling their little children as slaves in order to buy bread, and many people were dying. Little girls from six to seven years of age were sold from one to two dollars apiece, and those from ten to twelve years for three, four and five dollars apiece.

The missionaries were very busy during those famine days and used all their money

and all the money that was sent to them by their friends all over the world to help save the people from starving. The missionary who was helping the people in that part of Shantung where little An-lin lived was Dr. John Livingstone Nevius, one of the wonderful men who went out to China from America. During the few months of the famine he received from his friends ten thousand dollars and spent every cent of it helping the poor, starving people around his mission home. He visited 383 villages and gave help to nearly 33,000 people, and, in giving them bread to satisfy their hunger, he was also helping to give them the Living Bread of the Gospel.

One day little An-lin was brought into his home by some of his workers. They had been out in the villages and were coming home in the night when they heard a little child's voice crying. It came from far up among the hills. They did not know who it was but they followed the sound of her crying, which seemed to become feebler and feebler as they came nearer and nearer. At last they discovered a little girl almost naked, nearly starved, and all alone. No longer able to feed or care for her, and being not a boy but just a girl child, her parents had

left her alone among the hills to die. The workers of Dr. Nevius gave her a little cake to eat and a drink of water and carried her gently to his home. When she was able to speak and was not afraid of her new friends she told them that her name was An-lin. I think it is a very pretty name and very easy to say. It is like the name of a little lady that I know and love whose name is An-na. She soon grew well and happy. How happy she was! For days and days she ate and ate until Dr. Nevius thought she would die of over-eating.

At the same station there were five or six little boys who had been saved from starvation who were just as happy and as hard to satisfy as she was. As the days went by however they all became healthy and very happy in their new home. Soon the rain fell; the dry hot days were gone; and there was grain and bread for all.

An-lin had no home except her new one with the missionary, but she was very happy and contented there, and everybody loved her for her gentle ways, her happy heart and pretty face, for you must know that little Chinese girls have pretty faces just as little American, Canadian and English girls have.

There was one of the famine boys who

was very fond of An-lin and his name was Wang-Chong-ku. Sometimes one thinks that everybody who lives in China must be called Wang. There are so many Wangs that I suppose it is like our name Smith and is just as common and just as good. Well, as the years went by An-lin and Wang went to school together. Wang was very quick and bright and became one of the best scholars in the school and obtained a literary degree in the difficult old-fashioned Chinese examinations. Both he and An-lin had learned to know and love each other, and both knew and loved Jesus. After Wang graduated from the college at Tung-Chow, he and An-lin were married, and there are no happier people in all the world than Mr. and Mrs. Wang-Chong-ku, for that you know is An-lin's married name. Both of them are Christian workers, and both are loved by all who know them.

This is the story of the little girl of four years old who was found crying in the night among the hills; and this is the story of just one good thing among thousands which Dr. Nevius did during the forty years he worked in China among his Chinese friends. There is no happiness in all the world like the happiness of doing good.

XVI

The Gift that Came Back

"A friend to him that giveth gifts."—PROVERBS xix. 6.

HOW would you like to have your home in a church? Well, that would not be so bad if the church were pretty and clean and beautiful! But how would you like to live in a dirty, old, heathen temple, which had never been cleaned and which was full of hundreds of old wooden and stone and iron and silver gods and all of them just ugly, hateful, old idols? I feel sure you would not like it and would rather live out under the trees or among the hills. When Dr. and Mrs. John Livingstone Nevius went to the great city of Hang Chow—which is called the Pittsburgh of China—the only home they could find was in a great big heathen temple, and although Mrs. Nevius was a little timid and nervous about living in such a dark, dirty old place, yet they thought themselves very fortunate indeed to get it for a home. They fixed up a few rooms and made them clean and neat and were soon ready for company.

The Chinese people love company and ask lots of questions and are very friendly. One

day Dr. Nevius went out to call upon a great official in the city, and, of course, was invited to drink tea with his new friend. The tea was very good, for China is the land where tea grows and the Chinese people know how to make it taste just right. Dr. Nevius praised the tea and said it was the best he had tasted in China. The great man was pleased, for every one likes to receive praise, and next day there came to the missionary's home a great chest of tea as a gift from his Chinese friend. In a few days the official made his return call on the missionary, and in the course of his visit greatly admired a picture on the wall and was quickly told he must be kind enough to accept it as a present. His Chinese friend took the picture but felt he had obtained the gift because of his praise.

The official no sooner reached his home than he sent two of his servants back to the missionary loaded with gifts—six hams and eight boxes of very choice tea. Dr. Nevius wanted to decline his gift for he feared he could not keep up such a standard of generosity, but was afraid to offend his lately made Chinese friend. The gift was received and the servants given some money and after a while—quite a long while—the

missionary presented the Chinese official with a fine spy-glass. It came from America. The Chinaman was very happy and the bond of friendship was made stronger through the giving and receiving of gifts.

I do not know what Dr. Nevius got in return but I suppose something, for gifts have a way of coming back to us, and the Chinese people love ceremony and do not wish to be outdone in kindness and friendship.

The Bible says, "He that hath friends must show himself friendly," and this was the Chinese way of fulfilling the Scripture. It was an embarrassing way for his American friend, but not more so than some of our gift-giving when Christmas time comes.

This, however, is true, that it costs something to make and keep friends. Few people think about the cost of friendship and many lose their friends because they are not willing to pay the price of a true friendship. Friendship costs, not tea, and hams, and pictures, and spy-glasses, but time and thought and, what is best of all, love and sympathy. The finest motto I ever heard was this: "Jesus and I are friends." Surely Jesus is our friend and we know how much His friendship cost. It cost the Cross. "He loved me and gave Himself for me."

XVII

A Story About Stockings

"Work with your own hands."—I Thess. iv., 11.

LITTLE girls on every hand are very much the same. Of course they have not the same colour of skin nor the same dresses nor the same shoes, hats, nor books, but all over the wide, wide world all little girls have much the same hearts, for they are all children of one Heavenly Father. When Fidelia Fiske first went to Persia she soon found the little Persian girls as lovable as the little American girls she had left behind in her New England home. Of course everybody loved Fidelia Fiske. She had not only a beautiful name but a beautiful face and hers was a beautiful life. When she died a little Persian girl wrote to America, "Is there another Miss Fiske in your country?"

Well, when Fidelia Fiske went to Persia, she found the little girls whom she gathered into the first Persian boarding school just as interested in dolls and pictures and books and reading and pretty things as any little girls she had ever known. She taught them

to sew and to knit and to read and to write and to pray and to do all the things little girls like to do. She gave them books and papers to read and when some of her friends sent them copies of *The Youth's Companion* (do you know *The Youth's Companion?*) they were delighted with it and came to her asking her to tell them how they could have it come to them all the time. Fidelia Fiske wanted to test them so she said, "How could you ever be able to pay for it?" They quickly said they would knit stockings and send them to the editor of the paper. I wonder what the dear old editor of *The Youth's Companion* would have said if some day he had received a dozen pairs of Persian stockings as the price of his interesting paper for one year. I feel sure he would have sent the paper to those Persian girls for a dozen years—one year for each pair of stockings, for Persian stockings, like Persian rugs, are rare. But Miss Fiske thought that would not be wise, so she said she would pay them six cents a pair until they had knitted enough to pay for the paper. They thought the plan was perfectly lovely. How hard and fast they worked! The stockings were soon ready and the money on its way and by and by the paper came to them as their

own with the good wishes and prayers of many of Miss Fiske's friends in America.

No one ever loved those little Persian girls as Fidelia Fiske. When she first went to Persia and could not speak the language she learned the Persian for two words, "Give" and "Daughters," and she went through the streets and homes of the people saying, "Give me your daughters." And in time they gave her their little girls and she was happy in helping them. She taught them and prayed for them until they learned to pray for themselves and many of them became sweet and beautiful Christian girls, as sweet and beautiful as the sweet and beautiful girls of Mount Holyoke, where Miss Fiske was graduated, where she taught and where for a short time she was president.

I think the sweetest thing that was ever said about any one was said about Fidelia Fiske, "She was like Jesus."

XVIII

A Poet's Strange Dream

"My soul thirsteth for God."—PSALM xlii. 2.

DO you ever think that we need God just as much as we need food and water? Do you ever think that our souls thirst for God and for His loving presence even as when we are tired and weary and faint, we thirst for a drink of clear, cool water? If you will read the opening words of the Forty-second Psalm you will see that what I say is true.

> "As the hart (that is the deer of the forest) panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God."

Let me tell you a story that will make my meaning still clearer. You have all heard of the great Bengal tigers! Well, over in Bengal, which is a part of India, where those tigers live in the jungles, there are thousands and thousands of people who are not yet Christians but many are trying to find God. In that land there is a great poet and he too

is not a Christian, although he is not far from the Kingdom of God. He is such a great poet that a few years ago he won a prize—the Nobel prize—given every now and then to the best writer in all the world. He is a great man and a writer of beautiful words. His name is Rabindranath Tagore. That is a hard name to say, but when you learn to say it, it seems easy. Try it. He is searching after God and some day we know he will find the Heavenly Father of whom the missionaries are telling His people in that far-away land.

One day he dreamed a dream.

He tells us his dream in a very pretty way. He says that he dreamed he was a beggar and had gone a-begging from door to door along the village path when he saw a golden chariot appear in the distance and he wondered who this great King of Kings might be. He guessed that it was the Lord Himself whom he had been seeking. His hopes were high and he thought his poor evil days were now at an end, for the King would give him such wonderful golden gifts. The chariot stopped at his feet and the King came down with a smile. He felt that the luck of his life had come.

Suddenly, a second time the beggar was

surprised, for the King held out his empty hand and said, "What hast thou to give to me?" He thought the King was jesting, but not knowing what to do, he opened his bag and took from among the grains of corn that he had begged from door to door the smallest grain he could find and gave it to the King, who, mounting his chariot, disappeared. He felt poorer than ever and returned to his little hut, sad and hopeless. He emptied his bag on the floor and there among the corn he found a least little grain of gold. The grain of corn he had given to the King had been returned to him as gold. He wept bitterly because he had not given the King his all. Then indeed he would have been rich. So Rabindranath Tagore awoke and it was a dream.

But it was more than a dream, for truly God always turns to gold everything we give Him, and if we will give Him all, everything, our days and our love and our hearts, He will turn them all to blessings more precious than gold, and we shall be satisfied.

"We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend.
Who givest all."

XIX

A Little Boy Among Savages

"He careth for you."—1 PETER v. 7.

NOT very long ago, out in the quaint little old town of Harmony, in an old shop where there are a lot of tools and second hand things, up-stairs in the loft, I made a discovery. It is wonderful what you can discover in old houses and shops and cellars and attics! Well, I made a discovery and my discovery was a book. It was pretty old. How old I do not know but it must have been written long before I was born. It was a missionary book and old missionary books are very rare and very interesting. It was written by a minister named Rev. Samuel J. Whiton and in it I found a capital story which I know you want to hear.

Years ago, so this true story goes, an English trading vessel chanced to stop at a little African coast town by the name of Taboo, in the country called Liberia. The captain wished to obtain from the natives some palm-oil and offered to give in exchange beads and coloured cloth and other things, for you

know there was no real money in Africa in those days and the Africans sold things for cloth and beads and things we would call toys. The captain, not knowing the dishonesty of the natives, paid for the oil before receiving it and said he would get it on his return trip. When he returned the oil was not ready and the captain was angry and tried to compel them to keep their promise but soon found they cared nothing for a promise. One day he coaxed some of the chief men on board his ship where he kept them prisoners. The tribe was very angry, but the captain felt that was the only way to bring them to terms.

One morning he saw a great number of canoes pulling off from the shore with vessels like those in which the oil was kept, and the captain thought his plan had succeeded and the oil would soon be his. The men were kindly received on board, but no sooner did they gain the deck than they murdered the captain and all the crew, and leaving a few men to guard the ship they returned in triumph to their village.

Did I say they murdered all the crew? Well, there was one who escaped. He was a young Irish lad and his name was Toomey—Thomas Toomey. He had hidden himself un-

der some of the goods and they did not find him. He knew, however, he could not long escape, and so he planned to leap overboard into the sea, choosing rather to be drowned than to be killed, but just as he was about to jump into the sea the savages caught him and he was hurried to the shore to be punished. The sun was very hot and Toomey was thirsty and weary and asked for a drink of water and it was given to him. Now it was a law in that tribe that if any person, even an enemy, ever ate or drank in any of their houses they could not kill him, and Toomey's life was saved by this very simple means. I do not know whether he understood what he was doing or not when he asked for the drink of water, but when they tried to decide what they would do with him and some wanted to kill him, they remembered that he had drunk water in their village and so he could not be harmed. Eating and drinking with them had made them sort of friends.

He was just a poor, little, ignorant Irish lad, unable to read or write and did not even know the letters of the alphabet. Now listen! The Christian missionaries of the American Episcopal Mission at Cape Palmas found him and sent him to school and he grew up to be

a wise and brave man. When the old book which I found in the loft was written he had gone back to work as a missionary among the very people who had almost been his murderers. And if you will look into some of the books that tell you about the early missionary work of Africa you will find the honoured name of Rev. Thomas Toomey. Such a story I am sure is a sermon in itself.

XX

The Lion that Ran Away

"The mouth of the lion."—2 Tim. iv. 17.

Once upon a time some one told Henry Ward Beecher, the great preacher, that he was the most famous man in America. Mr. Beecher said there was only one famous man in America, of whom every one had heard even in the smallest villages in the most out-of-the-way corner of our great country, and his name was P. T. Barnum, the great show man. Everybody everywhere knows about Barnum & Bailey's Circus and everybody knows or ought to know about the most famous missionary in all the world.

I suppose everybody everywhere knows about David Livingstone, who was the greatest missionary since Bible times and who travelled through the jungles and swamps, over the lakes and rivers of Africa when there were neither roads nor trains in that great continent. What a brave man he was! Nothing could make him afraid. He did not fear the night, nor the savages, nor the wild beasts.

One day he had gone off with some of the

black people near his home to hunt for some lions which had been prowling around, killing the cattle and frightening the women and children. After a long search the lions were cornered, but broke through the circle of natives and escaped. Livingstone, disappointed and weary, was returning home when he caught sight of one of the lions on a little hill not far away, and lifting his gun shot at the great beast. You know the lion is called the King of the Forest and is strong and brave and very dangerous. The first shot did not kill the great beast and Livingstone was getting ready to fire again when he heard a great noise, and looking up, saw the lion in the act of springing upon him. A lion can spring just like a cat, and before Livingstone could move or run away or fire his second shot, the awful beast was upon him. It knocked him over with the force of its spring and caught him in his mighty jaw on the arm just under his shoulder. Livingstone thought nothing could save him. The lion growled horribly close to his ear, and holding him in his huge teeth the beast shook him as a terrier dog does a rat. The pain and the fear and the shock made him half senseless and he felt he was going to die. But all at once the lion was gone.

One of the natives coming up frightened it It turned to attack the native, but before it reached him the black man had shot it dead.

When asked afterwards what he was thinking about when the lion had hold of him, he said, "I was wondering what part of me he would eat first." We know too well that God was watching over His faithful servant. There was much work for him to do in Africa. The Bible tells us that "our times are in His hands" and that God cares even for the little birds. So Livingstone escaped, but not quite as easily as Daniel did in the lions' den, for there were eleven teeth wounds in his arm where it had been in the lion's mouth and he was never again able to use his left arm as before.

One day, years after, when Dr. Livingstone returned to his old home for a visit, he stood before the students of Glasgow University and trying to raise the arm that had been broken in the lion's mouth, he called upon the young men present to help him carry the beauty and help of the Gospel to the men and women and little children of Africa. For Dr. Livingstone knew that Africa had worse things than lions to fight, for there were sin and shame and slavery in Africa and from these he knew only Jesus could save.

XXI

When Livingstone Was Lost

"He was lost."—Luke xv. 24.

David Livingstone was a missionary doctor in the darkest part of darkest Africa for over thirty years. Near the end of his life the world lost track of him and for two years and a half heard not a single word from him or about him and thought he was dead. He was lost. For years he had received no word from his home nor from the great world that was hidden from him in the African jungles. He had been following the red trail of slavery and his heart was sick and sad. He was hungry and lonely. His feet were worn and every step pained him. There was no white face to comfort him. His servants betrayed him and tried to kill him. They threw spears at him and three times one day he narrowly escaped death. He felt as if he were dying on his feet. His goods had been stolen and sold and he himself was just a skeleton, "a mere ruckle of bones," as he wrote in his journal.

Then something happened! If you will listen I will tell you.

Over in Paris there was a man by the name of James Gordon Bennett. He was the editor of a great paper called the *New York Herald.* He was interested in Livingstone's story and thought if he could find something out about where he was, people would like to read it in his newspaper, so he sent a telegram to Russia and asked a man to come and talk the matter over with him. The man was an Englishman and his name was Henry M. Stanley. When he arrived Mr. Bennett said, "Where do you think Livingstone is?" Mr. Stanley said he did not know and that was the truth, for no white man but Livingstone himself knew. Then Mr. Bennett said, "I want you to find Livingstone. Here is 5,000 pounds and when you need more draw on me for 5,000 more and if you need more for 5,000 more; never mind about how much it costs, only find Livingstone."

Stanley took with him a company of 200 men with all kinds of food and necessaries and started out. He nearly perished in his journey into Africa. The savages fought him and his men, but at last one day, just when Livingstone was ready to give up, one of the native servants came running into the missionary doctor's tent all excited and gasped, "An Englishman; I see him" And

sure enough he did. In a little while Stanley came and Livingstone could scarcely believe his eyes or his ears as the handsome white man came forward with open hands saying, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

Those were great days for the poor sick missionary. He grew rapidly well. He had good things to eat and enjoyed the fine new clothes Stanley gave him and was soon like a new man, talking and telling stories and hearing about the wonderful things that had happened since he last heard from home.

"You have brought me new life," Dr. Livingstone kept saying to him again and again.

Together they travelled and journeyed and held what Dr. Livingstone called picnics, and for six months they enjoyed each other and Stanley came to know what a real man his new-found friend was, and became for a while a missionary himself. When he was ready to return he wanted Dr. Livingstone to go home with him, but the great doctor said his work was not done and he could not leave.

The time came to say good-bye. They had been walking side by side. Stanley took Livingstone's hand in his and said:

"Now, my dear Doctor, the best of friends

must part: you have come far enough; let me beg of you to turn back."

Livingstone replied, "I am grateful to you for what you have done for me. God guide you safe home and bless you, my friend."

"And may God bring you safe back to us all, my dear friend. Farewell," said Stanley.

Livingstone turned back to his work and to his loneliness and Stanley went on to tell the great wide world of the wonderful man he had left behind, all alone, in Africa. They never saw each other again. Livingstone never returned home but went on with his work among his black friends. What a brave, true, wonderful man he was!

Two days after Stanley had gone he was alone again. It was his birthday. Did I say he was alone? If you will read his journal in which he wrote something nearly every day you will find that on that day he wrote this:

"March 19th. My birthday; my Jesus; my King; my Life; my All. I again dedicate my whole self to Thee. Accept me. And grant, O gracious Father, that ere the year is gone I may finish my work. In Jesus' Name I ask it. Amen."

After all, you see, he was not alone. Jesus was with him.

XXII

The Man Who Died on His Knees

"Teach us how to pray."—Luke xi. 1.

I MUST tell you one more story about David Livingstone. It is a sad story but it is a beautiful story. David Livingstone lived and worked for a little more than a year after he said good-bye to Stanley and then one morning his faithful coloured servants found him kneeling beside his bed in his tent. The great doctor was so still and quiet that the servants touched him, but he did not move. He had died on his knees in prayer. That is one of the most beautiful things in his beautiful life. But then Dr. Livingstone was always praying. He was a man of God. He tells us that he read the Bible through four times while he was camped at Manynema. And yet when he preached before the Foreign Mission Committee that was to send him to Africa, after he gave out his text he forgot everything of the sermon he had prepared and fled from the church. The committee reported that they had fears about his ability

as a preacher, and in prayer he was hesitant and extremely slow,—yet this was the man who died on his knees alone in Africa.

It was four o'clock in the morning when Dr. Livingstone was found kneeling beside his bed. Then a surprising thing happened. Those faithful black servants, instead of burying the body in an unknown grave, cared for it tenderly. They dried it in the sun for fourteen days and buried the heart of this great, good man under a tree, reading the Burial Service there from the English Prayer Book; then they wrapped the body in calico and stripped the bark from a Myonga tree and placed it inside of that bark coffin and sewed it all up in a piece of strong sail-cloth. Binding it to a pole so that it could be borne on men's shoulders it was carried through forest and jungle, over hill and valley, across stream and river—one of which was four miles wide—one thousand miles to the sea at Zanzibar. The journey took nearly a whole year.

The body and the faithful black servants Susi and Chumma were taken on board the ship *Calcutta* and brought to England, and in the presence of all the great people of England and in the sight of a vast congregation that filled the great building, the body of David

Livingstone was laid to rest beneath the marble floor of Westminster Abbey. I remember standing one day beside the stone that covers his grave and reading these words:

Brought by faithful hands
Over land and sea
Here rests
David Livingstone.
Missionary—Traveller—Philanthropist
Born March 19th, 1813,
At Blantyre-Lanarkshire
Died May 4th, 1873,
At Chitambo's Village, Ilala.

For thirty years his life was spent in an unwearied effort to evangelize the native races, to explore the undiscovered secrets and abolish the desolating slave trading of Central Africa, where with his last words he wrote:

"All I can say in my solitude is may heaven's rich blessing come down on every one—American, English, Turk—who will heal the open sore of the world."

Along the right border of the stone there is a Latin inscription and along the left the Bible verse: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold, them also I must bring and they shall hear my voice."

Thousands who never saw his face or visited his grave love his name. It was said of him:

"He needs no epitaph to guard a name
Which men shall prize while worthy work is known:
He lived and died for good—be that his fame;
Let marble crumble: This is Living-Stone."

All great missionaries have known the need and the power of prayer. They are God's messengers, and before they tell the message they must know it, and in order to know it they must ask God for it and God gives it to them in prayer. Jesus told us that we too ought "always to pray."

XXIII

The Story of a Pair of Boots

"Come over and help us."—Acts xvi. 9.

In the very heart of Africa there is a wonderful country called Uganda. When Henry M. Stanley, the man who found Livingstone, sailed over the great lake Victoria Nyanza —the second largest lake in the world which he had named in honour of England's Queen —Queen Victoria,—he met with a great surprise.

All over Africa he had found only naked black savages, but in Uganda things were different. When he landed he was met on the shore by a great crowd. Two thousand people, in two long rows, were lined along the road from the lake to the king's village. They were all beautifully neat and clean in their long white robes with their chiefs dressed in bright scarlet gowns. They were there ready to welcome the white traveller; for two nights before the queen had dreamed that she saw a beautiful vessel with white wings like a bird and a white man with long black hair was standing on board, and the

king, believing the dream, had sent to welcome the white man and lo! the dream came true! This was God's way to prepare a welcome for the white man, and what a welcome he got! Bright flags waved and tom-toms sounded and trumpets blew and the people sang and through the rows of welcoming people Stanley was led to the king. The king's name was Mutesa, and he was half heathen and half Mohammedan.

He first of all sent a present for the white man's dinner. What do you think he sent? Perhaps you can count while I tell you. First of all a herd of oxen and then a flock of goats and sheep. After that came men with a hundred bunches of bananas, three dozen chickens, four dishes of milk, fifty ears of Indian corn, a basket of rice, twenty dozen of eggs and ten pots of wine What a dinner he would have! The king himself was clothed in rich red garments embroidered with gold, and looked very strong and handsome and welcomed the white man to his kingdom,—the greatest native kingdom in all Africa, with four million people over whom King Mutesa ruled.

Those were great days and every day Stanley told the king about the great white world outside and of the white man's God. It was

about the white man's God that Mutesa was most interested and he would sit for hours listening while Stanley told about God, the Heavenly Father, and about Jesus. So anxious was he to learn about the new religion that he had printed on smooth boards some of the words of the Gospel, the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer and the Golden Rule and some of the parables of Jesus, and begged his white friend who was not a missionary to send them a teacher to tell them more about God.

And now I must tell you about the pair of boots. Mr. Stanley stayed with the king for some months and while there he wrote a letter home to his friends in England telling them of the wonderful people he had found in Uganda who wanted a missionary teacher to tell them about the Heavenly Father. The letter was written but there was no post-office and no train and no stage-coach and no letter carrier and he was a thousand miles from any ship. But where there's a will there's a way even in Africa, and it happened that one of Stanley's men, a young Frenchman, was anxious to return home, and so Stanley sent his letter by this young man, who started off down the Nile through the wild country towards Egypt.

The brave young man never reached home. On the banks of the Nile he was killed by a band of savages and robbed, and his dead body left unburied on the dry, hot sand. Months afterwards his body was found by some English soldiers and buried. When they took off his boots, they found a piece of paper hidden inside and it proved to be the letter from Mr. Stanley. They sent the letter on to the governor in Egypt who sent it to England, and after seven months it reached London and was printed in the *Daily Telegraph.*

What a strange history that wonderful letter had! Would you like to know what was in it? It was a long letter, too long for me to give you it all, but this is a part of it just as Stanley wrote it:

"King Mutesa of Uganda has been asking me about the white man's God. Although I had not expected turning a missionary, for days I have been telling this black king all the Bible stories I know. So enthusiastic has he become that already he has determined to observe the Christian Sabbath as well as the Mohammedan Sabbath, and all his great captains have consented to follow his example. He has further caused the Ten Commandments as well as the

Lord's Prayer and the golden commandment of our Saviour, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,' to be written on boards for his daily reading.

"Oh, that some pious, practical missionary would come here! Mutesa would give him anything that he desired—houses, lands, cattle, ivory, and other things. He could call a province his own in one day. It is not the mere preacher, however, that is wanted here. It is the practical Christian, who can teach people how to become Christians, cure their diseases, build dwellings, teach farming, and turn his hand to anything, like a sailor—this is the man who is wanted. Such a one, if he can be found, would become the saviour of Africa.

"Here, gentlemen, is your opportunity—embrace it! The people on the shores of Victoria Lake call upon you. Listen to them. You need not fear to spend money upon this mission, as Mutesa is sole ruler, and will repay its cost tenfold with ivory, coffee, otter skins of a very fine quality, or even in cattle, for the wealth of this country in these products is immense."

The church people of England were at once interested and one day the Church Missionary Society got a letter from a man who did not

sign his name, promising $25,000 if they would send a missionary to that needy people, and soon another letter with another $25,000 came to them, and in a little while they had enough to send out seven Christian young men to begin work in King Mutesa's land.

One of the young men who went out was Alexander MacKay, and some day I will tell you a story about him and how he was welcomed by the King of Uganda who was Stanley's friend.

What a wonderful God our God is! He counts the number of the stars and calls His children each by name and watches over a letter through the long lonely months until it is read and answered by the people to whom it was sent. Let us never fail to trust Him.

XXIV

The Slave Boy Missionary

"A new name."—Rev. ii. 17.

Alexander MacKay was called Africa's "White Man of Work." He was not a minister, nor a doctor like Livingstone. He was a workman. He built roads and houses and boats and made hoes and rakes and plows and machines and King Mutesa was much interested in him and was his friend. One would think the people of Uganda would soon become Christians, but it was six years after Stanley's letter was received before the first Christian was baptized in Uganda. His name was Sembera. He was just a slave boy and his old master was a heathen and very cruel and this is his story:

One day Mr. MacKay was sitting in his grass house feeling that he had done very little since he came to King Mutesa's land three years ago. As far as he knew there was no one in all the country, not even the king, whom he could call a real Christian.

That day, however, something strange

happened. A letter came to the missionary. It was from Sembera, one of his first pupils. It was not a long letter and it was not very well written, for Sembera had never been taught to write. It contained only two short sentences written with a pen made from a piece of coarse grass, and the ink had been made from some black soot taken from the bottom of a pot which had been mixed with a little juice from some native fruit. But it was a good letter even though it was written in Sembera's own language—Luganda—for it contained the very best news Mr. MacKay had heard in all his life. And this is what the letter said :

"*Bwana* (*that is My Master!*) *MacKay, Sembera has come with compliments and to give you the great news. Will you baptize him, because he believes the words of Jesus Christ?*"

That was a great day in the mission house. He was only a slave boy, but he never failed his missionary friend and he was a true follower of Jesus Christ. Mr. MacKay read his letter with great joy, and after six months, during which the slave boy was taught to read the Bible and to pray, he was baptized and was given a new name.

That is what he wanted, for did he not feel like a new boy and did he not have a new heart and did he not have a new master and why should he not also have a new name? And so when he was baptized he was called Sembera MacKay after his great missionary friend. Mr. MacKay had no little children of his own and the little black slave boy became as dear to him as a little son. Sembera MacKay became in his own way a little missionary, and two years after he became a Christian he led his old master and two of his young men friends to the Lord Jesus. No one in all Africa was happier than Sembera MacKay, the slave boy, who was the first Christian in the great land of Uganda and the first native missionary to his own people.

XXV

Homeless!

"In my Father's house."—JOHN xiv. 2.

ONE day a young English artist was painting a picture which he hoped would make him famous. He was painting it in the hope that it would find a place among the prize pictures in the Royal Academy. He put his whole soul into it. It was a picture of a lovely young woman with a little babe in her arms struggling up the street in the great city of London. The night was dark and stormy, and the cold rain that was turning to sleet and snow was beating down upon her, and the wind was driving the rain and the sleet into her face and almost blinding her. She had covered her little child in her shawl and was struggling on.

But where?

She had no home, and while the warm light from the windows of the houses fell at her feet the doors were all shut. She was alone and homeless. As he painted, his heart was filled with a great longing, for he

was a good man. He called the painting "Homeless" but he was not satisfied. Laying down his brush still wet with the paint he put his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands and resting them for a while he suddenly said, "God help me! Why don't I go and save the homeless instead of painting pictures of them?" Right there he gave his life, as he had before given his heart, to God.

He went to Oxford University and studied for the Christian ministry. For two years he worked among the slums of a great city on the west coast of England and for five years laboured among the poor trying to bring the homeless home to Christ. Then there came a call from Africa, from the same country from which Stanley had written his strange letter, and from the same land of Uganda where Alexander MacKay, the White Man of Work, made his home with King Mutesa, and he answered that call He went out to Africa and in time was consecrated Bishop of Uganda, and there in that great land Bishop Tucker has been preaching and teaching and leading the homeless into the Father's House. He often painted pictures in his African home, and many of them were sent to England and were much admired by hundreds, but by none more than by those who knew the story

of his first great painting and the better story of his own great life.

When President Roosevelt went to Africa on his hunting trip in search of lions and wild boars and hippopotami, he travelled from the coast in a parlour car over a fine railroad and was welcomed into Christian homes by this same Christian Bishop, and he went to church in one of the largest church buildings in the world, crowded with men and women and little children who were praising God, who had led them out of the dark ways of heathenism into His own marvellous light. And this is one of the many songs they sang:

"There's a Home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy.
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier, there.

This is the meaning of the word missionary. It means one whom God sends to bring the homeless home to love and comfort and eternal life.

XXVI

Chief Africaner

"The new man."—Eph. iv. 24.

He was a Hottentot. Everybody feared him. He had murdered his white employer and his wife and had fled back among the black savage people from whence he had come. He was a chief by birth and became a chief in reality. The white men, called the Boers, had been unkind to him and he went back among his own people to take vengeance on them.

And he did. He shot and killed anybody that crossed his path. He made drum-heads of their skins and drinking-cups of their heads. He was a wild, cruel savage, and none dared try to capture or kill him. So feared was he that the government of South Africa had offered $500 to any one who would capture this outlaw chief, dead or alive.

I said no one dared to try to capture him. That is not so. Some one did try and some one did succeed. The name of his captor was Robert Moffat. He had been a Scotch lad who had gone as the first missionary to South Africa. Robert Moffat was brave and

when he said he was going to Africaner's village the women wept and the men begged him not to go. They said he would never return. But he went and he captured Africaner. How did he catch him? Listen now and I will tell you! He caught him by love. He went without any soldiers, or cannon, or guns, or swords, and he caught him and held him his faithful prisoner forever.

Robert Moffat went to Africaner's home and loved him and told him about God's love, and Africaner learned to love Robert Moffat and built him a house, a grass hut, near his own, and the savage chief became like a little child, gentle and trustful.

He had known about the Gospel before and had been baptized, but had turned from it all back into savage life.

But Robert Moffat won him to Christ and he never disappointed his friend. During the missionary's sickness, when he was alone, it was Africaner who nursed him, furnished him food and found him the best of milk, and when Moffat found it necessary to move to another part of the country Africaner followed him there and built his house.

One day Robert Moffat told the chief he was going to Cape Town and asked him to go with him. Africaner was surprised and

alarmed. He had been a thief, a murderer, an outlaw; a price was upon his head, and if he appeared among white men they would kill him. But he went. The story of their journey would fill a story-book. It reads like a fairy-tale. People had given Robert Moffat up as dead, and one man said that Africaner had murdered him and he knew a man who had "seen his bones," and now here was Moffat himself alive and well, and wonder of wonders, Africaner, civilized and Christian, with him! A man whose uncle had been killed by the savage chief looked him closely in the face and said, "Yes, it is he. O God, what cannot Thy grace do! What a miracle!"

When he reached the city of Cape Town he created a sensation. Everybody wanted to see him. The governor sent for him and the money that had been offered for his capture was spent in buying him gifts and presents. He was a new man in Christ Jesus and everybody marvelled at what they saw of the grace of God in him.

The last thing Africaner did was to help Doctor Moffat move to his new home and he himself prepared to settle beside his dear friend and teacher, but before he could move God called him and in his own old kraal he peacefully fell asleep in Jesus.

XXVII

A Great Chief's Funeral

"Jesus . . . cometh to the grave."—JOHN xi. 38.

MZUKUZUKU was the Chief of Ngoniland. Ngoniland is in Central Africa, in the land and in the place where David Livingstone lived and died. In that land a splendid missionary work is being carried on by Dr. Robert Laws and it is called the Livingstonia Mission, after the great missionary. Dr. Laws was very much afraid when he heard that Mzukuzuku, the great chief, was dead, for in the old days of Africa, when a chief died the people offered sacrifices at the grave and killed or buried alive his slaves so that they might follow him into the spirit land. What a dreadful thing to do! The Gospel has taught them that heaven is a holy and a happy place and now these savage customs are fast disappearing.

Mzukuzuku was not a Christian, but his land had heard the Gospel, and there had been a great change since he became king. But the people were not all Christians and

many of their old customs were followed when Mzukuzuku died. They buried him in a great cave as deep as a house and into the grave they flung all his belongings. First they broke them into pieces and destroyed them and then cast them into the grave—his bows and arrows and spears, his clothes and war dresses, his mats and seats and pillows, his drums and dishes and musical instruments were all buried with him.

At the service his daughters came out dressed in his dancing garments and cast their eyes on the ground and wept and mourned for hours. Then his many wives came dressed in his war clothes, with his spears and shields, danced the war dances, and then fell at the grave and wailed. When the last great call to mourning came, a thousand men stood up around the grave with spears and shields held high up over their heads and as if with one voice they wept aloud.

He had been a wise and brave chief and was friendly to the missionaries and his people loved him. The one great thing that was noticed at his funeral was that no single slave was killed or buried with the chief and no heathen sacrifice was offered. For the land of Mzukuzuku is becoming Christian,

even though the leopard and the hyena still prowl around the mission churches. When the new church at London was built in 1903, there were 3,130 good looking and happy negroes of Ngoniland sitting on mats on the floor and 1,000 people sat down to the Lord's Supper.

It is worth while to be a missionary helper, for when we help send the Gospel to all the world we are showing people everywhere how to be happy. Could you learn by heart this little Christmas verse? —

"A little boy of heavenly birth,
But far from home to-day,
Came down to find His ball, the earth,
Which sin had cast away.
O children, let us one and all
Join in to get Him back His ball."

XXVIII

The Tolling Bell

"Bells of gold."—Exodus xxviii. 33.

One day—it was the 23d of September in the year 1911,—the people in the business section of the great city of New York heard the wonderful bell of the Brick Presbyterian Church tolling again and again. They looked up and listened and wondered. You know "tolling" means "telling," for it used to be the custom when people died that the church bell would "tell" their age—that is it would toll as many times as the years they had lived, just as a clock strikes to tell the hours.

It seemed on that September day as if the great church bell of the old Brick Church would never stop. It struck one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, and then on to fifteen, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty, and still it kept on tolling, ninety, ninety-one, ninety-two, three, four, five, ninety-six. Ninety-six years! It had counted out nearly a hundred years, almost a century.

The bell was telling the world that the per-

son who had died was ninety-six years old. That would mean he was born away back in 1815. He had been the oldest living graduate of Princeton University and he used to tell how when he started to college from his home in Pennsylvania he travelled by stage-coach, there being no railroads, and it took him seventy-two hours, that is nearly a week, travelling as he did only in daylight.

I must tell you this grand old man's name. His name was Dr. James Curtis Hepburn—people called him Hepburn of Japan. He was Dr. Hepburn. He was not a minister though he often preached. He was not a teacher though he often taught. He was a physician, a real doctor who helped people get well and keep well. And yet he was more than a doctor and more than a preacher and more than a teacher, for he was something of each and still a little more than all. Busy as he was healing and helping people his greatest work was translating the Bible into the Japanese language and making a dictionary of the Japanese language so that people who knew English could learn to read and write in the native tongue of Japan. Is it not strange that a doctor should do such an odd piece of work as translating the Bible and writing a dictionary?

Let me tell you a story to show how odd it was.

When Dr. Hepburn was in college he thought he knew what he liked better than his teachers, and thought it would be better for him to study science and chemistry instead of wasting his time in studying such old musty things as Latin and Greek. He fussed about it and talked about it and scolded about it and made so much trouble about it that Dr. Green, the president of the college, called him into his study one day and said to him: "I hear you have a poor opinion of the Latin and Greek writers;" and then with a twinkle in his eye he said, "What have you discovered that is so out-of-the-way with them?" The young lad said he hated to waste so much time over them. The president immediately said, "It seems to me you have an abundance of time. You are not yet fifteen and you have plenty of time to make the acquaintance of those interesting old gentlemen." The dear old president and the independent boy talked on until the lad felt there were some things he did not yet know and went quietly back to his task and became a fine student of language, and years after he was able to do so much to make the language of Japan known and read

by men of other lands. It was for this great service that the Mikado,—Mitsuhito the Great—gave him the high honour of belonging to the Japanese "Order of the Rising Sun."

If I were preaching a sermon and not telling a story I would urge you to remember two things.

First, that it is a great thing to have a dear good teacher who knows more than we do, and who knows how to smile and laugh and to be pleasant while he points out the wisdom of travelling over a hard road.

Second, that sometimes God does not tell us what He wants us to do and yet He leads us in right paths for His name's sake. He was leading Dr. Hepburn and before he was aware planning his life for him. God's thoughts are higher than our thoughts and His ways better than our ways.

XXIX

A Wise Man of the East

"Wise men from the East."—MATTHEW ii. 1.

THEY called him Okuno. Those who loved him and knew him best called him Father Okuno. His full name was Rev. Okuno Masatusuna. He was a Japanese Christian minister and the greatest native preacher in Japan. It is said that he preached over 4,000 sermons and travelled all over Japan preaching the Gospel and singing the story of Jesus. For Okuno was a poet as well as a preacher. He printed a fine Japanese hymn-book and he himself wrote many beautiful Christian hymns. When the children of Japan sing our children's hymn, "Jesus loves me, this I know," they use the words that Okuno wrote when he turned that pretty hymn into Japanese.

What a strange, strange life he lived! He was first of all a Buddhist student and then a soldier and then a Confucian wise man, and then a bad, wicked, evil man and then a Christian, who lived to be good and to do good. When he was a soldier, he wanted

his friend who was a traitor to become king and was willing to die for him. The old Buddhist priest told him that, in order to succeed and win the throne for his friend, he must pray and sacrifice to his gods. He did everything the priest told him to do. He fasted until he was almost starved. He bathed himself in ice cold water every morning for months; he sat for hours on rough coarse mats keeping watch before the idols and saying prayers. He travelled on foot to many, many temples, and prayed in over a thousand; he sent his servants to pray in the temples in all the villages until they had offered sacrifice for him before 15,000 other sacred shrines.

But there was no answer and no response. Okuno was disappointed and angry, and, returning to the temples, knocked down the idols, trampled upon the sacred images and became a bad and hateful man. Then the dear Lord Jesus became his friend in his loneliness and how happy and brave he was! It meant death for any Japanese to be a Christian and to teach about Jesus in those days, but Okuno was not afraid. Drawing his finger across his neck he said with a smile, "They may cut off my head but they cannot hurt my soul."

I told you once about Dr. Hepburn and his great work in translating the Bible into the Japanese language, but I did not tell you that if it had not been for Okuno he never could have done that great work. Okuno was eyes and hands and heart for Dr Hepburn.

I sometimes think of the words of Jesus that the first shall be last and the last first when I read about Okuno. He was only a poor idol worshipper, and then a bad, dangerous man and then Jesus saved him and he became one of the greatest preachers Japan ever had. A dear old man, a scholar, a saint, one of God's masterpieces. I wonder if you know the hymn from which the verse comes. I suppose if you looked you would find it in Okuno's own hymn-book :

" Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore ;
Touched by a loving hand, wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more."

XXX

The Devil's Society

"One is your Master."—MATTHEW xxiii. 8.

THE other day I had in my church a real up-to-date missionary. His name is George Sherwood Eddy. He was fifteen years in India and now works among the colleges of Asia, speaking to the students, and has a wonderful story to tell of the hundreds and thousands of students in India and China and Japan who are reading their Bibles and trying to follow Jesus. When he was with me the last time he told this story:

He was preaching one day in India to the college students and he noticed a young man who sat in the audience who laughed at everything he said. When the service was over this young fellow gathered his young men friends around him and scoffed. He came the next night and the sermon was about sin and this time the young fellow did not laugh but sat with his eyes on the floor as if he were thinking. That was the last meeting to be held in that college, and Mr. Eddy had heard something about this young

fellow and his great influence for evil, so he asked him to take a walk with him after the meeting.

It was a moonlight night and after walking a while they sat down under a tree, near the old college wall. The young fellow belonged to what was called "The Devil's Society." What an awful name! He was the president of that dreadful society and hated everything Christian. He belonged to a family that hated Jesus. His grandfather had beaten the Christians, burned their houses, and at the head of a mob of several hundred Chinese had made an attack on the missionary's house and had tried to kill him.

Sitting there in the moonlight, in the quiet of the college campus, in far-away India, these two talked about the God whom the one loved and the other thought he hated.

"Do you know God as your Heavenly Father?" said Mr. Eddy.

"No," said the student; "our religion tells us nothing about that. I know nothing about it."

"Are you sure that everything is all right with you? If the end came now, would everything be all right?"

The young fellow had not been living right and he hung his head and said:

"I don't know!"

Mr. Eddy, who knows college men as well as any one can know them, looked at him quietly for a few moments.

"My boy," he said, "I have come half-way around the world to tell you that you can be saved here and now, for Christ is ever standing at the door of the heart knocking, ready to come in."

The young man was thinking hard.

"It will mean persecution; your father will turn you from his home. Your family will not receive you. You will perhaps lose your fortune and your friends. What do you say?"

Then looking into the face of his new-found friend he said:

"I have studied the Bible until I am sure there is one God and that Jesus is the only Saviour, but until to-night I never felt my own need of Him. I feel it now and I will come to Him. As for persecution, let them persecute; I would rather like it."

Don't you think that was a brave thing to say? But then he was a brave young man. He was one of the best football players in the college and was the tennis champion that year, and at heart he was deeply religious, but had missed the way.

Together under the moonlight they prayed, the one for the other, and there they said good-night.

The young man went to his room and that night "The Devil's Society" was broken up. It does not exist to-day. For ten days his father was in a rage against him, but the young fellow was true, and confessing his faith in Jesus as his Saviour was baptized in the presence of his classmates. When Mr. Eddy left India on his missionary tour this young man stood on the pier, with a happy heart and a smiling face, waving him good-bye.

Let me ask you the same question Mr. Eddy asked the young Indian student: "Do you know the Heavenly Father?" Is Jesus your Master, too? Can you say?—

"Jesus, Master, I am Thine.
Keep me faithful, keep me near;
Let Thy presence in me shine,
All my homeward way to cheer.
Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,
Oh, be Thou my all in all."

XXXI

The Kitchen God

"In My Father's House."—JOHN xiv. 2.

NOT all the great missionaries are dead. There are lots of good missionaries still living among the heathen people, and they are just as happy as any of us. I know one whom I think is happier than most of us. She wrote a book about China and called it "New Thrills in Old China," and it sounds just like her. She is either getting or giving "thrills" all the time. She has been in China a long while. Perhaps I had better not say how long, for she might not like me to tell anything about her age. She is the missionary of the Shadyside Presbyterian Church, in the city of Pittsburgh, and has a very pretty name. It is Charlotte E. Hawes. Her friends call her Lottie for short. She was through the awful Boxer War when 30,000 Chinese Christians lost their lives. She is a great story-teller—I mean, of course, a teller of true stories—and she dearly loves little boys and girls, especially boys. I will try to tell you one of her stories. Here it is:

One day she was visiting far away up among the hills in a home where the people had decided to give up their idol worship and become true Christians. One of the first things this new Christian Chinese family did was to destroy its "Kitchen god." It is an image pasted up over the "Koa," or wall near the great iron bowl in which all the Chinese food is cooked. The Kitchen god has charge of all the house and I think it is very interesting to remember that the Chinese have it in the kitchen where it can keep close watch, for most Americans keep theirs in the parlour, or drawing-room.

Every Chinese New Year's Day the Kitchen god receives special worship and food is placed before him. After this is done he is taken off the wall and burned, for then he is supposed to go skyward and tell the great God in heaven all that he knows that is good about the family, and, being a Kitchen god, he ought to know. A new god is then put in the place of the old one and he takes charge until next New Year's Day.

If you ask Miss Hawes why they do this and what it all means she will tell you something like this:

"The Kitchen god was once a man named

Chang, who grew tired of his wife, though she was good and virtuous; so he put her out and married another who was a very base character, and treated him so badly he was obliged to leave in a few months. Meantime his first wife, when cast out, had wandered sadly away and out through the open country, when suddenly she saw shining lumps on the ground before her. She gathered as many of them as she could carry, and soon found a good home with an old woman who lived alone, for the shining lumps were pure gold.

"Then one day along came a beggar, very hungry and weary, whom she recognized at once as her husband; but he did not recognize her until she set before him a bowl of noodle soup, hot and savoury, such as she knew he liked. Then a large brass hairpin fell from her hair. He saw it fall and was so overcome with shame as he saw it was one he had given his wife; and the thought of her serving him, after he had cast her off, caused him to faint and fall into the fire. So he went up in smoke, and has ever since been worshipped as the Kitchen god."

That is the strange story of the Kitchen god.

When the Chinese people come to know

God, the Heavenly Father, they have some one who really can care for their homes and their loved ones, for He is not a paper god, but a dear, loving Father who loves and cares for His children everywhere, and who wherever they are, dwell in "Their Father's House." I think it would be a very helpful thing if boys and girls would learn some of the beautiful verses that tell of God's loving care and take one as a motto for each day. Here are seven, one for each day in the week:

"Thou God, seest me."

"He careth for you."

"The Lord is my light."

"Fear thou not; for I am with thee."

"Ye are My disciples."

"Peace I leave with you."

"The Lord is my Keeper."

XXXII

Twice a Hero

"Do it heartily."—Col. iii. 23.

He was captain of the cricket team. Perhaps you do not know what cricket is? You would laugh at me if I said you did not know what football is, and you would think I had lost my mind if I tried to tell you how to play baseball. But if I tried to tell a little English boy about cricket, he, too, would laugh at me and think me foolish; for cricket is just as common and just as much loved in England as football is. The college boys in England play cricket and they say it is fine sport. It is something like baseball, but slower and not so exciting. A man stands before a "wicket," which is made of three sticks set in the ground in a row with a little piece of wood on top of them, and he keeps guard with a flat ball bat while the pitcher tries to hit the wicket and so strike him out. When the player hits the ball he runs to another wicket where another man keeps guard and the two exchange places.

Well, when he was at the great school of

Eton, Coley Patteson was fond of playing cricket, and he was one of the eleven on the college team. He was a rich man's son and had a beautiful home and everything his heart could wish. He was a quiet fellow and was not very well known until one day Eton had a championship match with another English school, called Harrow, and it looked as if Eton were going to be defeated. Harrow had a wonderful bowler, or, as we would say in baseball, pitcher, and no one could strike his balls. The time came for Coley Patteson to take his place at the wicket. He was a tall, graceful but quiet lad, and no one expected a great deal, for the bowler on the other side had had everything his own way.

It was the annual struggle between the schools and there was a big crowd and lots of noise. But Coley Patteson's bat made more noise that day than the crowd. Again and again he hammered the ball until the people went wild. There seemed no stopping him. Every time the ball came along to the wicket, as if from a cannon, his bat struck it and a liner flew across the field, and more runs were piled up on Eton's side; and before he was counted out he had put on the score for his side fifty runs and won the day for his team and school. You don't wonder

he was popular and the fellows loved him and honoured him and made him captain of the team. He was a hero! That game closed the cricket season, and all that remained was the annual banquet and jollification, with speeches and college "yells" and songs.

Those banquets were not always quiet and innocent affairs, for sometimes some of the faster set did things and said things and sang things that were not right. Before the annual banquet took place when Coley Patteson was captain, he told the fellows that if anybody sang a song that was not clean, and in which all the boys could not join, he would have nothing to do with them. Everything went off all right until one of the fellows, trying to test out the new captain, began to sing an offensive song, as had been often done in the past. Coley Patteson immediately was on his feet and cried, "If that doesn't stop, I shall leave the room." The song did not stop, and Patteson, the captain, left the room before the fellows understood what had happened. You can easily imagine that the banquet was not a very joyous one after that, and there were no more such songs that night. The men were ashamed, but next morning, when it leaked out that the captain

had resigned, there was more than shame; there was fear of failure next year.

The fellows agreed that Coley Patteson had done right, and that his resignation should not be accepted ; so they crowded into his room and the man who had disobeyed him and hurt him apologized, and next year he led them again to victory. From that day to this there has been a change in the annual school banquet at Eton, and a new sort of heroism among the boys has come into fashion ; for it takes more moral courage to overcome temptation and do the right thing than it does to be a great ball player.

I would like to tell you what Coley Patteson did with his life. It is a long story but I can tell you in a few words enough to make you want to hear more. He went to Oxford University and later became a minister of the Gospel, which was his mother's dearest desire for him. Then he became a missionary to the South Sea Islands, and became Bishop of that far-away parish. There he worked and there he was killed by the wicked natives who shot five arrows into his body, to tell the white men who had treated the natives badly that this was the way they took vengeance for the five natives who had been stolen by the white traders. His body

with its five wounds was sent adrift upon the sea in an open canoe and found by his friends. Years afterwards the chief of the tribe, among whom he had lost his life, told his friends all about it; told of his bravery and his kindness and his great love and how they had punished the men who had killed the great bishop, the friend of his people. On the very spot where he fell, the native people, for whom he lived and died, erected a beautiful memorial cross which faces the sea, and on which they had the words inscribed:

In memory of
John Coleridge Patteson, D. D.
Missionary Bishop
Whose life was here taken by men for whom he would gladly have given it.

XXXIII

The Consecrated Cobbler

"Praise the Lord with me."—PSALM xxxiv. 3.

WILLIAM CAREY was a cobbler. He was always proud of it. Outside his little shop there was a sign-board:

"*Second Hand Shoes Bought and Sold*
William Carey."

They called his shop "Mr. Carey's College." He had a map of the world on the wall, and he studied about the world and talked about the world and prayed about the world, and his friends thought he was crazy.

Then he became a teacher, and then a village preacher, and was paid a salary of $80 a year for doing the work of both teacher and preacher.

One day when the Baptist ministers of the district were in conference he preached to them from the text Isaiah liv. 2, 3, and he had two great thoughts in his sermon:

First: Expect great things from God.

Second: Attempt great things for God.

Then and there the Baptist Missionary

Society was formed and Carey became the first missionary.

Old Andrew Fuller said: "There is a gold mine in India, but it seems as deep as the centre of the earth: who will venture to explore it?" And William Carey promptly replied, "I will go down, but remember, you must hold the ropes."

This is how William Carey the cobbler became the first and the greatest of missionaries to India. And his friends held the rope.

Years passed by and once again Andrew Fuller was preaching before the Missionary Society that Carey's sermon had created, and they were all rejoicing in the good news from India and the triumph of the Gospel there under the "Consecrated Cobbler." Not only was Mr. Carey a missionary but his two sons, Felix and William, were also Christian workers in the mission.

One of the ministers had been telling about these two sons, and then he said, "But there is the third who gives him pain; he is not yet turned to the Lord." With tears flowing down his face the minister who had spoken said, "Brethren, let us send up a united fervent prayer to God in solemn silence for the conversion of Jabez Carey." Jabez is such an odd name, but that was the

name of the wayward son who gave his father pain in the far-off mission home in India. Every one present prayed. A deep quiet fell upon them all and they knew God was near and was hearing. Did anything happen? When they prayed in England, did anything happen in India? Well, listen.

The next letter that came from the mission field told the story of the change that had come over Jabez. His father told when it had happened, and they knew it was the very day, the very hour, when they had all been in prayer for him. Immediately Jabez Carey decided that he too must be a missionary, and one day Dr. Carey and his two missionary sons, Felix and William, laid their hands on the head of Jabez, and in prayer ordained him to the gospel ministry.

What a happy family they were!

No wonder Dr. Carey wrote to his friends: "Oh, praise the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together. To me the Lord has been very gracious. I trust all my children love the Lord; and three out of four are actually engaged in the important work of preaching the Gospel, two of them in new countries."

Let us, too, say with him, "Oh, praise the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together."

XXXIV

No Room for Barbarians

"I am debtor to . . . the barbarians."
—Romans i. 14.

When I was a student in the University of Toronto I remember hearing a thrilling story from a returned missionary. His name was George L. Mackay. I was interested in him. He was the first missionary ever sent out by the Canadian Presbyterian Church, and had just returned from the island of Formosa, with his Chinese wife. Long ago he had been received as a missionary at the General Assembly which met in Quebec, in 1871, and that assembly, as he tells us, was more interested in such "burning questions" as to whether it was right or wrong to use an organ in church worship than it was in missionaries and the people on the other side of the world.

I remember how he held in his hand a little Bible, on the first page of which was written:

Presented to
Rev. G. L. Mackay

First missionary of the Canadian Presbyterian Church to China by the Foreign Mission Committee as a parting token of their esteem when about to leave his native land for the sphere of his future labours among the heathen.

William MacLaren.

9th October, 1871.
Matthew xxviii. 18–20. *Psalm cxxi.*

And now let me tell you a story about him.

One day he came to the village of Lam-hong-o. It was nearly dark and he and his helpers had to hold on to the rocks and slide down to the ground, for the village was surrounded by steep cliffs, and the people were very warlike and very wicked. "The rain was raining all around," and they had no place to eat or sleep. At the first house they knocked the reply was, "No room here for barbarians." How would you like to be called a barbarian? They went to another and another and another, and the answer was always the same, "No room here for barbarians." The night was dark. The great Pacific Ocean was storm tossed. The mountains were to the south; the savages all around them. They wandered on through the village until they came to a house where a man lived of whom they had heard. Here

was their last hope. They knocked and the door opened. "No room here for barbarians," was the quick reply, and the door was slammed in their faces. There they stood in the dark and the rain. What could they do? God must have spoken to that man's heart, for suddenly the door opened and a voice cried, "It is very stormy. You can go to the ox stable if you like." Indeed, they did like, and there among the water buffaloes they lay down in the dry rice straw. They could hardly believe their eyes when the Chinese owner came with a light and a bowl of warm rice and refused to take any money. They slept on the straw and were satisfied and safe.

It is too long a story to tell you all that happened next morning, and how, little by little, they made friends with the people of that village; but it will not take me long to tell you that if you will go to that little sea-girt village of Lam-hong-o, on the island of Formosa, you will find there a pretty little church which is called "The Mackay Church," and there the people gather and worship. Sometimes they gather and worship, and sometimes they have gathered and watched; for the women and children have often slept on the tile floors of that little church in fear

of the savages who lived up over the hills; and often and often Dr. Mackay preached to those people, and they would weep bitter tears when they thought of the dark stormy night he had knocked at their doors and they had bidden him be off, saying, "No room here for barbarians."

You will, I hope, not forget the name of Mackay of Formosa, and will not get his name mixed with that of MacKay of Uganda, who was King Mutesa's friend, and you will remember that the same Gospel made clean hands and happy hearts in the island of Formosa, off the coast of China, as it did in Uganda in the heart of Africa. It was Paul who said that he owed even the barbarians a debt. He meant that he owed them the message of the Gospel, and until he paid that debt his heart could not have peace, and wherever the Gospel goes, all false barriers between God's children fall and then "there cannot be Greek and Jew, Barbarian, Scythian, Bondman, Freeman, but Christ is all and in all."

XXXV

A Bible Lost at Sea

"Upon the waters."—Eccl. xi. 1.

I REMEMBER reading how a poor woman in Bohemia saved her Bible by hiding it inside a loaf of bread she was baking and then putting it into the oven, and when the priests came to search her house they found no trace of it. But I know a stranger story than tnat. It is about a Bible lost at sea. Would you like to hear it?

Somebody dropped a copy of the New Testament overboard and it fell into the sea. It belonged, I think, to some tourist or visitor who had been reading it on deck and the wind had suddenly lifted it out of his hands, and it was carried out on the deep sea and fell face down upon the waves. There it floated like a little boat. How long it floated I do not know; perhaps only a few hours, perhaps for days. It was in the Bay of Yedo. I wonder if you can find that bay on the map? If you will look around the coast of Japan perhaps you will find it. I suppose the seagulls pecked at it and thought it was bread,

and the fish played around it, and nobody might ever have heard of it had not God meant to use it. And so it was found.

It was found by a Japanese soldier whose name was Wakasa.

He was commander of the army at Nagasaki.

One day he noticed something floating on the waves and set about to get it.

He was interested in it immediately, for it was a strange thing to find floating on the sea.

He turned its wet pages but he could not read it. It was not printed in his language. It was printed in English and it was not printed like any other book he had ever seen. It seemed to be broken up into chapters and little verses, each of which was numbered.

He was a cultured gentleman and he decided to find out what this strange book he so strangely found was. He discovered that it was the Christians' Bible.

The Japanese hated the Christians and there was at that time no Protestant Christian in all Japan. Indeed there was a fearful old law which read :

> "So long as the sun shall warm the earth let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan ; and let us know that the

king of Spain himself or the Christian's God, or the great God of all, if he violate this command shall pay for it with his head."

This only made the strange book more interesting and curious and, being a soldier, he knew no fear; so Mr. Wakasa sent to Shanghai over in China and got a Chinese copy of the book he had found. He read it through. He was interested and he read it through again. He read it again and then he wanted to have some one to tell him about it.

There was only one man to whom he could go. His name was Dr. G. F. Verbeck. He had been a little Dutch boy, but was then a great scholar and an American missionary in Japan.

He, too, lived at Nagasaki, and so the Japanese officer found him and asked him to explain the book to him.

How glad he was to do so!

Wakasa grew more and more interested. He later said he was "filled with admiration, overwhelmed with emotion and taken captive by the nature and life of Jesus Christ." So it happened that before he really was aware he was a Christian, and in 1866 he was baptized by Dr. Verbeck and was the first Japanese Protestant Christian in all Japan.

Two of his friends followed him, and they, too, were baptized; and now there are hundreds of churches and thousands of Christians in the beautiful land of Japan, and it all began from a Bible that had fallen into the sea. It is wonderful how great things grow out of little things. The mighty oak comes from the little acorn, and the golden harvest from a few sacks of grain, and sometimes a life is changed by a little touch of kindness, or a little word of love.

> "Cast thy bread upon the waters,
> Thinking not 'tis thrown away;
> God Himself saith, thou shalt gather
> It again some coming day."

That is the sermon and the text is this:

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

XXXVI

Queen Victoria and the Little Slave Girl

"A little maid."—2 KINGS v. 2.

WHAT an awful thing slavery was! We can hardly believe that, within the memory of some now living, men and women and children were sold like sheep and oxen in the market. This was true even in our own fair and beautiful America; but it was worse, much worse, in other lands, for in our land very often the slaves had kind Christian masters and happy homes. In Africa, however, the masters were cruel and wicked, and many of the black people were killed and their homes destroyed.

If you will look on the map of Africa you will find a little country called Dahomey, and the old king of that country was a slave keeper Whenever he made war he brought home hundreds of slaves, some of whom were killed for heathen sacrifices and some were sold. The good queen of England, Queen Victoria, was very angry with him for his wicked wars and his cruel slavery, and sent a great war-ship, the *Bonetta*, under the care of Commander Forbes, and he was told to

try and make the wicked king change his wicked ways. But the king was not to be changed, and even while there Commander Forbes saw the king, with his own hands, throw fourteen men, dressed in white, over an awful precipice. This was done as a sacrifice to the heathen gods.

Not only did Captain Forbes fail to make the king stop his wicked ways, but he received from the king a little black girl three or four years old. She was a slave girl who was being kept for one of the king's cruel sacrifices. She was very pretty and was given by the king to the captain of the *Bonetta* as a present to his queen. He thought, I suppose, that Queen Victoria had slaves too, and so he sent her a little black African slave as a present. As soon as she was given to the queen, of course she was free, but the great queen never forgot the little slave girl.

She was sent to the mission school and there educated. When she became a Christian, she was baptized and was given the name Sarah Forbes Bonetta. You see Bonetta was the name of the ship that had rescued her, and Forbes was the name of the good kind commander of the ship, and Sarah, I suppose, was his wife's name. I said the queen never forgot her. She had little Sarah

come to England after she had been partly trained in the Church Missionary Female Institute at Sierra Leone, in Africa, and was placed in a Christian home in England, and carefully taught everything the children of England were.

Every Christmas and midsummer she went to the palace where the queen made her home and spent two or three happy weeks. One wonders how the little black girl, who once had been a slave, would feel in the palace of the great white queen. But I know she was happy, for the queen was kind to her, and every time she went she received a lovely present. Once she received a gold watch, and another time a beautiful turquoise ring, and another time a wonderful gold bracelet with the words engraved on it: "From Queen Victoria to Sarah Forbes Bonetta." When the Prince of Wales, who became Edward VII, was married, Sarah was invited to the wedding; the queen sent her a wonderful dress to wear and she was given a special seat among the guests. When she became a young woman she was married to a Christian man from Africa, and there in the country of Lagos, near the home of the old wicked king of Dahomey, she lived and was a great helper in the missionary work of

that country. She had a little girl of her own who was called by the beautiful name of Victoria—Victoria Davis, and the queen loved them and never forgot them in their far-off African home.

One hardly knows which one to admire most, the great queen or the little slave girl who became a useful woman. We admire the little slave girl, who became such a sweet and lovable Christian that everybody was kind to her; but we also admire the great English queen who, busy with a hundred things every day, had time and love enough for a little black slave girl.

I think the greatest wonder of all is the power of the Gospel to make both a great queen and a poor little slave girl sweet and kind and winsome. The book that tells this and other stories of slave times is the "Life of Samuel Crowther," who was himself a little African slave boy, who had been carried off from his home and afterwards rescued. He became a Christian and a missionary and was the first black man in Africa to be made a bishop.

And the story of Bishop Samuel Crowther, the slave boy, is only another wonderful story of the power of Jesus to make bad men good. There is nothing too hard for Him.

XXXVII

The Missionary with the White Hair

"His hair . . . white as snow."—Rev. i. 14.

He was the oldest child, and they called his name John. He was a Scotch boy and they gave him the Scotch middle name of Gibson. He was the eldest son in the family of eleven children, and each one, of course, had the same last name of Paton. His own full name was John Gibson Paton.

He was born in a poor but very happy home. His father was a dear, good man, and his children loved him. Often and often he prayed that they might grow up to be good and useful men. They were poor, and once there was nothing to eat in the home, and the children were coaxed off to bed hungry and unfed; but next day a visitor came with potatoes and flour and cheese, and Mrs. Paton gathered her children around her knees and said, "O my children, love your Heavenly Father; tell Him in faith and prayer all your needs and He will supply your wants so far as it shall be for your good

and His glory." You do not wonder that the children all grew up to be good men!

John, the oldest, however, became not only good but great. I remember seeing him when he was an old man. I will never forget how wonderful he was. His long hair and beard were as white as the whitest snow, and his voice like the sweetest music. There are no books in the world so interesting and so thrilling as the story of his life. He was a missionary for years and years in the New Hebrides Islands in the South Pacific Ocean, and the change brought about by his work there reads like one of the Bible stories of the New Testament.

When he was a lad he longed to study, but his parents were too poor to pay for his education, and he had to work. Once he saved enough to go to school for six weeks, and they were precious weeks for him, but he returned to work and studied at night and on rainy days.

He found work with a company of government engineers who were testing the land near his home, and walked four miles every morning and evening to and from his work, using his evenings for study. When lunch time came, instead of playing football and other games like the rest of the boys, he

found a quiet corner on the river bank and worked away at his books. He did not know he was being watched, but his employer's home was on the other side of the river, and he became much interested in the lad who was so fond of books and study. One day his master called him to his office and asked him what he was studying. John was surprised but told him the whole truth. The officer was much interested and next day told him he would send him to Woolwich to the government school and pay all his expenses if he would sign an agreement to remain with him for seven years. This was a fine chance and one which even rich boys would gladly have accepted; but John Paton had other plans, so he refused and thanked the officer for his kindness.

The officer was surprised and a little angry, and asked him why he would not accept so good an offer.

"Because," said the lad, "my life is given to another Master, and so I cannot engage for seven years."

"To whom?" said the officer bluntly

The boy, unafraid, promptly replied, "To the Lord Jesus, and I want to prepare as soon as possible for His service in preaching the Gospel."

The man was very, very angry and said in a loud voice, "Accept my offer, or you are dismissed on the spot."

And dismissed he was, for John would not change his mind, and told the man that if he accepted the position he would have to give up his hope of becoming a minister, and he would not do that. After thanking the officer for his good intentions he received his pay, packed up all his belongings and went back home, sad and heavy of heart. He had no work and not enough money to pay for his schooling. It looked as if he had come to the iron gate and found it closed in his face; but when he came closer he found that it stood open, for some of his friends heard what had happened and how brave and good he had been, and they offered him other work, and were so interested that in the fall he secured a position with a church in Glasgow where he could act as a visitor among the poor and at the same time go to college.

In time he finished his studies and became a minister and went far away as a missionary until he became so successful that, when he returned home, thousands went to hear him tell about his work in the South Sea Islands. Some day I will tell you more about this man whom his friends called St. John of the New

Hebrides. When he left for his island home among the naked savages of New Hebrides Islands, he was thirty-two years old. That was in 1857. He died in 1907, and if you will subtract 1857 from 1907 you will find that Dr. Paton lived and worked for fifty years among these people, thousands of whom became real Christians and were his loyal and true friends.

Every boy and girl ought to have a purpose in life. God has a plan for every child's life, and each of us ought to try to discover that plan and fulfill God's wish for us. If we try, God will surely guide us. It is a good thing to have a purpose and stick to it. Years ago in Sunday-school we used to sing a hymn that stirred the thoughts of the boys to do and to dare. It is still worth singing. It is about Daniel and his fine courage and this is the chorus:

"Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone,
Dare to have a purpose true
And dare to make it known."

XXXVIII

The Wonderful Well

"Spring up, O well."—NUMBERS xxi. 17.

ANIWA is the name of a little island in the South Pacific Ocean. It was there John G. Paton, the wonderful missionary with the beautiful white hair, lived for many years. The island is less than nine miles long and three and a half wide, and is girdled with a belt of coral reef. "The sea breaks heavily, with thundering roar, and the white surf rolls in, furious and far. But there are days of calm, when all the sea is glass, and the spray on the reef is only a fringe of silver."

There was one thing about this beautiful island which made it not a very pleasant place for a missionary to live. I am not thinking of the wild and wicked people who made it their home, for they soon became his best friends. I am thinking of something else. There was no good water on the island, and nobody can get along without water. "How did the natives live there then?" you ask. Well, they gathered the rain when it fell, and drank of the dirty water

that remained in the pools in the swamps; but the best water they had was the cocoa-nut,—the apple of Paradise for all the Southern Islands. They would break the nut and drink of the milk-like water. They had also sugar cane, and would chew at it when they were thirsty instead of seeking a drink of water.

Dr. Paton soon found that something must be done if he expected to live on Aniwa, and he decided to dig a well. The people of course never heard of such a thing; and when the missionary told the old chief that he was going to sink a deep well into the earth, to see if God would send forth water up from below, the old chief looked at him and said, "O Missi, your head is going wrong; you are losing something, or you would not talk like that. Don't let our people hear you talking like that, or they will never listen to your word or believe you again." But the well was started and the natives gathered around to see the missionary digging into the earth to find rain. They all thought he had lost his mind and was crazy. Dr. Paton was not very strong and he grew weary and tired, and so he planned to get the natives to help him; and help him they did, and he was able, like Tom

Sawyer, to look on while others worked. This is how he did it. He brought a box of fish hooks from his home and showed them to the people and said: "One of them to every man who fills and turns over three buckets out of this hole." They all wanted to take their turn and soon the well was down twelve feet.

One morning when they came to begin work the sides had fallen in and the work had to be begun over again; and, what was worse, the natives now were so frightened that they would have nothing to do with it. The old chief begged the missionary to stop, saying he was only digging his own grave and that rain would never come up from below. But Dr. Paton was not to be turned from his task, for he knew that he needed water, and he also knew if God would give him fresh water from the earth the natives would believe His Word and follow Him always. He toiled on alone until the well was thirty feet deep and the earth was becoming moist. He feared the water might be salt and all his work for naught, but he worked away, and the words "living water" kept singing themselves like music in his soul.

One evening he said to the old chief,—"I

think God will give us water to-morrow from that hole." The chief said, "No, Missi; you will never see rain coming up from the earth. We expect to see you some day drop through into the sea and the sharks will eat you." Next morning the missionary began his work at daybreak and dug a little hole two feet deep in the bottom of the well, and suddenly the water rushed up and began to fill the hole. Muddy as it was he tasted it, and in his great delight the cup fell from his hand, and in that muddy well he gave praise to God who had answered his prayer. It was water! It was living water! The people gathered around the well, and the old chief looked at the water in the cup and then touched it to see if it were really water, and then tasted it, and then drank it, and then he shouted: "Rain! Rain! Yes, it is rain! But how did you get it?" The happy missionary said, "God gave it to me out of your own earth in answer to our labours and our prayers. Go and see it for yourselves."

To them it was a miracle and they exclaimed, "Missi, wonderful, wonderful is the work of your Jehovah God! No God of Aniwa ever helped us in this way." And it was a miracle, for all through the years the well gave forth fresh water; and although

the natives tried to sink six or seven wells they either came to the coral rock, or the water they found was salt. The well is still there—thirty-four feet deep, eight feet wide at the top and six feet at the bottom, with a lining of solid masonry built from the coral blocks the natives carried from the shore a third of a mile away. But this is not all of the story. The best is yet to tell. Next Sunday the chief wanted to preach. The people of the island came to see their chief turned missionary and to hear him preach. It was a great sermon,—one of the greatest that was ever preached. He told the people that since Jehovah God had given them rain from the earth, he was ready to give up his heathen idols and believe in the Christian God. In closing his sermon he said, "His Jehovah God has sent us rain from the earth. Why should He not also send His Son from Heaven? Namekei (his own name) stands up for Jehovah." That afternoon the chief himself and several of his people brought their idols and cast them down at the feet of the missionary, and for days after the people kept coming with their idols and gave them up, saying, "Jehovah!" "Jehovah!" Those of wood were burned in the fire and those that would not burn were buried in the

ground, and to-day Aniwa is a Christian island where one can hear the sound of the church bells and where there are no longer any idols or any heathen. That are the wonderful story of the wonderful well, and it preaches to us as it preached to the people of Aniwa long, long ago. And this is the sermon it preaches:

1. Faith in God is never really disappointed. All the treasures of heaven and earth are His and those who seek Him find Him.

2. Faith in God does not excuse any of us from hard work. Dr. Paton prayed long and earnestly but he worked and toiled as hard as he trusted and prayed. It is an old and a true saying that:

God helps those
Who help themselves.

XXXIX

The Bride's Trousseau

"As a bride adorneth herself."—Isaiah lxi. 10.

The bride's name was Yakin. She was a wealthy widow in the island of Aniwa. She had thirty lovers, for in Aniwa there were not enough brides for all, and these thirty young men kept watch over Yakin and over each other, for if ever one of them tried to marry her the others would find some way to kill him. And so it looked as if Yakin would have to live and die a widow because she had too many suitors for her beautiful black hand.

These thirty young men, however, did not know that Yakin had a secret lover who had asked her to marry him, and for whom she had taken off her earrings and given them to him; and he knew that with the earrings she had given him her heart. The name of her accepted lover was Nelwang, and he knew and loved John G. Paton, the wonderful missionary with the white hair. He did not know what to do, for he did not want to be killed; for then Yakin would be a widow

again. Dr. Paton told him what to do, and that night Nelwang cut a hole through the fence into Yakin's yard, and, entering her house, carried her away off into the forest. Of course she was glad and happy to go with him, and there they hid in their happiness for two or three weeks.

Next day Yakin was gone, and the hole in the fence was found, and the thirty young lovers knew that some stout heart had carried off the black lady; and they knew that Nelwang was that fortunate one. They were angry and destroyed the houses of both the bride and the bridegroom, and feasted on what they found. Then Dr. Paton came and laughed at them, and said that, after all their kindness to Yakin, she had been very ungrateful, and they were well rid of her. "Let the two fools go their way," he said; "he will have the worst of the bargain." So they went away satisfied.

Three weeks passed and still the runaway couple were not to be found. One day, however, Nelwang appeared and asked that they might both become servants in the missionary's home. Next day they came, and no one ever saw a happier pair. Dr. Paton told them that the first thing they must do was to appear at church together, so that the

people would know they were really married and that they were husband and wife. It was the custom that before the church bells ceased ringing every one should be in his seat. I think that is a very good custom, and it would help even in this country to have people at the church service in time. Well, in order to be quite safe, Nelwang waited until the bell ceased and every one was seated, and then in he marched, as bold as a lion, with his tomahawk in his hand, and took his seat nearest the missionary. He knew he would be safe there. In a few minutes the bride came; and what a bride! You know the first difference one sees between a heathen and a Christian is this—a Christian wears clothing and the heathen wears none. Now Yakin had made up her mind to show the extra quality of her Christianity by the unusual quantity and quality of the clothing with which she had arrayed herself. No bride in all the world was ever dressed so thoughtfully. Perhaps I had better let Dr. Paton himself tell you how she looked that day when she came up the church aisle with every eye upon her, and with her former thirty lovers watching her, and her new husband beaming so proudly because of her. "Being a chief's widow be-

fore she became Nelwang's bride, she had some idea of state occasions, and appeared dressed in every article of European apparel, mostly portions of male attire, that she could beg or borrow about the premises! Her bridal gown was a man's drab-coloured greatcoat, put on above her native grass skirts, and sweeping down to her heels, buttoned tight. Over this she had hung on a vest, and above that again, most amazing of all, she had superinduced a pair of men's trousers, drawing the body over her head, and leaving a leg dangling gracefully over each one of her shoulders and streaming down her back. Fastened to the one shoulder also there was a red shirt, and to the other a striped shirt, waving about her like wings as she sailed along. Around her head a red shirt had been twisted like a turban, and her notions of art demanded that a sleeve thereof should hang aloft over each of her ears! She seemed to be a moving monster loaded with a mass of rags. The day was excessively hot, and the perspiration poured over her face in streams. She, too, sat as near to me as she could get on the women's side of the church. Nelwang looked at me and then at her, smiling quietly as if to say: 'You never saw, in all your white world, a

bride so grandly dressed.' I little thought what I was bringing on myself when I urged them to come to church. The sight of that poor creature sweltering before me constrained me for once to make the service very short—perhaps the shortest I ever conducted in all my life! The day ended in peace. The two souls were extremely happy, and I praised God that what might have been a scene of bloodshed had closed thus, even though it were in a kind of wild grotesquerie."

From that day the missionary and his wife had two firm friends. Nelwang was like a self-appointed body-guard for Dr. Paton, and Yakin was a never failing helper. She learned to read and write; she became the leader of the singing and a teacher in the Sunday-school and was a general favourite with everybody.

XL

A Little Girl's Surprise

"When I awake I am still with Thee."
—Psalm cxxxix. 18.

Robert Morrison was the first Protestant missionary to China. His home was in England, and there is a story that when he was twelve years of age he stood up before the whole congregation one Sunday evening and repeated the 119th Psalm without a single mistake. Do you know the 119th Psalm? Do you know how many verses it has? If you will look at it you will find it has 176 verses. I wonder how many boys twelve years old would be able to do what Robert Morrison did?

But then he was always doing such splendid things! He went out as a missionary to China when people thought he was crazy. It is over a hundred years since he sailed from England. He was seventy-two days sailing between England and America. People can travel that same distance to-day in five or six days.

He stayed with friends in America for a few weeks and then sailed for China. While

in the home of his friends in Philadelphia he met a little girl who became his firm friend. He had come late in the evening and no preparation had been made for him, and so he was put in the parent's room, where this dear little girl was fast asleep in her crib. I suppose the mother thought it was not worth while to disturb her, for she would sleep through the night. Very early in the morning she awoke and turned around to talk with her mother as usual. How surprised she was to find a strange face in the bed! She was afraid and a shadow of fear spread over her face, but looking at the strange man she said, "Are you my friend?" "Yes," said Mr. Morrison, "I hope you will let me be your friend." Not quite satisfied, she opened her eyes wider and said, "Man, do you pray to God?" "Oh, yes, dear," said her new friend, "I pray to God every day. God is my best friend." She was at once satisfied, and laying her head gently on the pillow again, she was soon fast asleep. When she awoke he was dressed and downstairs, but she soon discovered him and she became a great favourite with him.

This is the great man who went to China to tell the people about God. When he went people thought he had lost his mind. A

merchant said to him, "And so, Mr. Morrison, you really expect to make an impression upon that heathen country of China?" "No, sir," said Mr. Morrison warmly, "but I expect God will." And God did a great and a wonderful work through Robert Morrison. If you go to the city of Canton you will see his tomb, and on it you can read these wonderful words:

Sacred to the Memory of
Robert Morrison, D. D.
The First Protestant Missionary
to China
Where after a service of twenty-seven years cheerfully spent in extending the Kingdom of the Blessed Redeemer during which period he completed and published

A Dictionary of the Chinese Language
Founded the Anglo-Chinese College of Malacca

And for several years laboured alone on a Chinese version of
The Holy Scriptures

Which he was spared to see completed and widely circulated among those for whom it was destined
He Sweetly Slept in Jesus

This is the great man who loved the little girl who one dark night, long, long ago, slept in the same room with him.

XLI

The Chip that Could Talk

"Write thou these words."—Exodus xxxiv. 27.

Did you ever stop to think what sort of world this would be if there were no books and no writing in it? Suppose no one knew how to read! We would have no books, no libraries, no newspapers, no magazines, no letters coming and going, and no postman coming to our doors. Wouldn't it be a strange world?

It would be hard to imagine such a world, and yet there are still thousands of people who can neither read nor write. Nearly all our missionaries have had to deal with just such people.

When John Williams went to the South Seas, those to whom he went knew nothing about writing. Part of the time he lived on the Island of Raratonga. Isn't that a pretty name for an island? The people learned to love him and learned to love God, and one day they came to his home and asked him to take a seat outside his house near the path. He wondered what they wanted and

thought they desired him to preach to them or to explain something in the Bible. When he went out there was a great throng of people, and each one had something in his hand. Could you guess what they had? Well, when he had taken his seat they all marched past him in a long procession, and each one laid an idol at his feet. The smallest idol was five feet long. This was their way of saying to him that they would no longer worship idols.

How happy he was! Next Sunday four thousand people came to church; but there was no church large enough to hold them, for they had just a little mission chapel. So at dawn next day in great joy they started to build a new church, and in seven weeks it was finished and there was room in it for three thousand people. Mr. Williams was the chief builder, and less than five years before the men who helped him had never seen or handled either a saw or an ax.

But what has all this to do about reading and writing? Well, this is where my real story begins. When this new church was being built, Mr. Williams needed one of the tools which he had left at his home; and picking up a chip that lay at his feet he wrote a note upon it to Mrs. Williams, ask-

ing her to send back the tool with the man who brought the message. The man was amazed and refused to go, saying that his wife would call him a fool and scold him if he carried a chip to her.

"What shall I say?" he asked.

"You have nothing to say," said the missionary. "This chip will say all that I wish, and she will understand."

"How can it?" said the astonished man. "Has the chip a mouth? Can a chip talk? How can a chip speak?"

He was persuaded, however, to carry the piece of wood to Mrs. Williams, who read what her husband had written on it, and gave the man the tool.

"How do you know this is what Mr. Williams wants?" he asked.

"Did you not give me a chip just now?"

"Yes," he said, "but I did not hear it say anything."

"Well," she said, "if you did not, I did."

And so the poor fellow went away with the tool and the chip, holding it high above his head, running as fast as he could through the village, and shouting as he ran, "See the wisdom of these English people. They can make chips talk! They can make chips talk!"

After a while Mr. Williams was able to teach the people how to read and write their own language, and soon they had copies of the Bible in their own tongue. This is one of the best things our missionaries do and to-day the Bible can be found translated into nearly five hundred different languages, and people who once wondered how words could be written now hear in their own tongue the wonderful words of God. Not long ago I secured a part of the Bible for a blind girl. You know blind people read not with their eyes, but with their fingers, and the books though light were very big and clumsy and it took an express wagon to take them to her. How glad we should be that we have eyes to see and that we can read for ourselves the wonderful words of life.

"Holy Bible! Book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine to tell me whence I came,
Mine to tell me what I am."

XLII

A Boy Who Had Three Names

"A good name."—PROVERBS xxii. 1.

THIS is a story about a boy who had three names. He was a Japanese boy, and his Japanese name was Neesima. He was born in a prince's palace, but he was not a prince's son. He was the son of one of the prince's servants. He was ten years old when Commodore Perry, of whom many of you have heard, went to Japan with a message from America. Neesima was greatly interested in America and in the lands from which knowledge and books and ships and great men came. He learned to read, and he studied and read so much that he almost became blind. He would read and study all night until the birds began to sing in the early morning. His one great aim in life was to get an education and to become a scholar.

One day he went to visit a friend, and found in his friend's house part of our Bible written in Chinese. He read it with open-eyed wonder. Think of reading the great

familiar words of the Bible for the first time! We can scarcely imagine how they would sound, for we have heard them since we were little children. The very first words of the Book were so strange and wonderful! "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." He had never known how the world was made, and did not know about the great God who made us and all things. He put the little book down and said to himself: "Who made me? My parents? No, my God. Who made my table? A carpenter? No, my God. God let the trees grow up in the earth; although a carpenter made the table it indeed came from the trees; then I must be thankful to God. I must believe Him, and I must be upright before Him." He began to pray and his first prayer was very simple. It was this: "Oh, if You have eyes, look upon me; if You have ears, listen to me." You see he did not yet know God, and so could not pray to a dear Heavenly Father. Some time again I will tell you how he learned to pray like we do, but that was the way Neesima, the little Japanese boy, first came to know something about God.

I said he had three names. Neesima was his Japanese name and that of course was

his first name. The second name he received was a sailor's name. I will tell you how he got a sailor's name. When he was about twenty years old he made up his mind to leave Japan and to travel abroad and learn all he could. So one day he said good-bye to his parents, promising to return home within the year. He little thought it would be ten long years before he would see his native land again. The ship took him to China and there he found a complete New Testament, and in it he came to know that the same God who had made the world, the earth, the sea and the stars, was his Heavenly Father. For a whole year he was out upon the sea, serving on shipboard, knocked about by the rough sailors. They knew nothing about this strange young Japanese, and so they called him Joe, and that was his second name. The desire of his heart was obtained when one day the ship entered Boston harbour, and at last he was in America, the land of his dreams. But he had no money and no one to care for him, and for ten weeks he lived on board the ship and thought he would never be able to gain an education, or to live in the land where his dreams might come true.

Did I say no one cared for him? Well,

that is not true. God cared for him and put it into the heart of a good man to care for him. The owner of the ship on which he had been sailing was a man by the name of Hardy—Alpheus Hardy. He heard about Joe's great wish to go to school, and he took him to his own home and talked to him. He asked him his name and the answer he received was, "The sailors call me Joe." "You are well named," said Mr. Hardy, "for God has sent you to be the saviour of your people." He was thinking, of course, of Joseph, whom we read about in the Bible. So the Japanese young man became the adopted son of his new found friend and was called Joseph Neesima. He was sent to Phillips Academy and then to Amherst College, where he graduated in 1870 with high honours. He became a fine Christian and before he returned to his own country he received his third name. The third name was that of the good friend who had been more than a father to him, and when he was baptized into the Christian faith he was given the name of Joseph Hardy Neesima. He was the first and the greatest of modern missionaries to his own people, and established among them a great Christian University called Doshisha. There he taught and

preached and prayed, working to bring his own people to Jesus Christ to whom he had given his own heart and life. After he died they carved his name on a rough, unhewn stone, and the name they carved was—Joseph Hardy Neesima. He was one of God's great noblemen, and I hope some day you will read a complete story of his wonderful life.

Our names are what we make them. They will change as we change. They will be mean and unlovely if we are unkind and untrue, but if we are noble and good, they too will be noble and beautiful. Think of the two names that I have told you about—Joseph Hardy Neesima and Alpheus Hardy. They are both filled full of love and good works. Think of these two names—Jesus and Judas. One is the sweetest name on mortal tongue and the other is one of sorrow and shame. "A good name is better than great riches."

XLIII

How a Japanese Boy Learned to Pray

"This one thing I do."—PHIL. iii. 13.

HOW many of you have heard of Robinson Crusoe? I suppose every one of you know something about the strange man who lived on a lonely island with his man Friday, and some day those of you who have not read the story will do so, and I know you will enjoy every page of it.

Let me tell you about a boy who read it and who was greatly helped by it. You remember I told you the story of the Japanese boy with the three names—Joseph Hardy Neesima—and perhaps you will recall that I said he lived on a ship in Boston harbour for ten long weary weeks while the captain was visiting his home. The young man was very unhappy and thought he would have to sail again on the ship that had brought him to America; and he wanted so much to stay and go to school and become a scholar, and then a teacher.

The captain had given him a little money and one day he went on shore and wan-

dered into the city. He stopped at a little second-hand bookstore on Washington Street, and bought an old copy of "Robinson Crusoe." One wonders why he bought just that book. Perhaps it was because it was cheap, or perhaps he read enough to be interested in it, or perhaps the shopkeeper told him something about it, or perhaps God's Spirit was leading him, so as to teach him something. Whatever it was that led him to buy the book, buy it he did, and took it to his home in the ship and read it through with delight and wonder. And now you will be surprised at what I am going to tell you. That strange story taught the lonely Japanese boy how to pray. Little Joe, as the sailors called him, was just as lonely in that big city as was Robinson Crusoe on his lonely island, and if you will read the story again you will, I think, find out that Robinson Crusoe was a good man, and that he knew how to pray. And so Joe learned to pray, and his first real prayer to his Heavenly Father was this: "Please God, let me reach my great aim." And God heard his prayer and sent Mr. Hardy to help him, and Joseph Hardy Neesima reached his great aim, and God helped him build the great Christian college of his native land. He called the

college "Doshisha," and in Japan that means "Those of one aim," "those of one purpose," "those of one endeavour." It was the answer to his prayer.

Remember then the value of these two things: the value of a purpose and the value of prayer. Let me give you a little prayer which was written by Alice Jackson, another good and great missionary:

Father, hear Thy little children
As to Thee we pray,
Asking for Thy loving blessing
On this day.

Master, make us pure and holy;
Father, make us good;
Show us how to love each other
As we should.

Through the day, O loving Saviour,
May we grow like Thee;
In the beauty all about us
Thy reflection see.

When at last the evening cometh
And we fall asleep,
In Thy arms of love, Thy children
Safely keep.

Father, hear Thy little children,
While to Thee we pray,
Asking for Thy loving guidance
All this day.

XLIV

The Story of Old Mother Wang

"A prophetess . . . of a great age."
—Matthew ii. 36.

Her name was Wang. We would say Mrs. Wang. They called her "Old Mother Wang." She lived in China, and became known to all the Christian people of China as one of the Lord's true followers. Her husband had failed in his examinations, and had accidentally dropped into a mission chapel, and there he gave his heart to God and returned home to tell the wonderful story of the Gospel. He went about selling Bibles and Christian books, and never wearied telling his friends about his new-found happiness.

He was anxious to have all his family become Christians and had family prayer in his home. He read the Bible and also some of the hymns, for he could not sing, and then prayed for himself and them. Mrs. Wang could not read, but became much interested in the new Gospel, and the first thing she did was to throw away her pipe; for, like most of

the women of China, she loved to smoke. Her husband was not very strong, and after three years he died. In those short three years he had so laboured and worked that he had built a little church, but when he died there was no one to carry on the work.

After the funeral Mrs. Wang said to her son, "I am going to Peking to study in the Woman's Training School, and then come back and take up your father's work." So he took her to the capital city of China and she started to study. I suppose she was then fifty years of age and had never learned to read. She was not very bright and did not learn easily, but she worked so hard and was so anxious to get on that in two years she could read the Gospels.

When she was able to do that she sent for her son and told him she wished to go home. Before they had gone half a day's journey the Chinese cart in which she was riding upset, and she was so frightened that she could not be persuaded to enter it again. The son secured a common wheelbarrow, and in it put his mother and all their belongings, their bedding and clothing, and then wheeled her home. How far do you think he wheeled her? I am afraid you would never guess. That Chinese boy

wheeled his mother and all her belongings four hundred miles. Think of that! Four hundred miles over the Chinese roads, up and down hill, day in and day out, sleeping on the ground at night. It would take an automobile, travelling twenty miles an hour, a whole day and a whole night to travel that distance. It was because the boy loved his mother, and both the boy and his mother loved the Lord Jesus, that they were willing to take that long, hard journey back to their old home.

When she reached her home she took up her husband's work, and became the pastor of the little church. She went about teaching and preaching through all the country, selling books and Bibles in towns and villages. For thirty years she was the pastor and the preacher in that part of Shantung Province, and when she was eighty years old she travelled back over those same long four hundred miles to try to tell the story of the Gospel to the empress. She was disappointed, however, and travelled home without being able to preach to the queen.

No one in all China was better loved, and no one did more to tell the beautiful story of Jesus to her people, than "Old Mother Wang."

XLV

The Child Leader

"A little child shall lead them."—Isaiah xi. 6.

One of the most beautiful books in my library is called "Thinking Black." It was given to me by a group of Chicago ministers as a pledge that they loved me and that I loved them. I wonder if you could guess what the book is about? It might mean "Thinking Black Thoughts," but if that were so my friends would not have given it to me, and I would not have said it was a beautiful book. It might mean "Thinking About Black Things," but if that were so, we would have hard work to guess what the black things could be. It might mean "Thinking About Black People," and that is just what it does mean, and the black people of whom it tells live far away in the very darkest place of darkest Africa.

The book is written by a great missionary whose name is Dan Crawford. He went to Africa about twenty-five years ago, and for twenty-two years lived in that far-away, lonely land without seeing his friends or

going back to his home even once. After twenty-two years he came back home and brought this beautiful book with him, and now he has gone back, as he says, to live and die among his black people who are his friends and whom he loves.

Dan Crawford tells us that we hardly understand how big and great Africa is. To many of us it is only a name. He has drawn for his book an outline map of Africa, and inside of it he placed all Europe, including Russia and Germany and France and Great Britain and all the countries of that great Continent, and still he had room for all of India and all of China and had still enough space left in the map for another country as large as India. Well, Dan Crawford lived and worked in the very centre of that great land, among the tall, coarse grass, near the very place where the great missionary, David Livingstone, died.

And he tells us that in a sense it was a little child that led him from the coast, through the long, tall grass, a thousand weary miles into the far interior. Let me tell you what he means. There were no great roads, no railways, nor street cars, nor automobiles for Dan Crawford to travel by, so he had to walk or be carried or ride in an ox cart over

a narrow winding path, which often seemed to lose itself in the great, tall grass that grew higher than his head.

Early in the morning the heavy dew was upon the fields and hung heavy on the grass, and the people who travelled were likely to be drenched with it as they travelled through. To avoid this wetting the black people take a little naked black boy and make him go ahead, to shake down upon his own little, naked, shivering black body the cold morning dew. The black people call these little dew-dryers "human brooms." They are little "nobodies" who squeeze themselves through the hidden path so that others may follow without harm. These little dew-dryers are constantly in danger of some hungry old hyena or leopard lurking in the grass, waiting to carry off one of the little lads for his breakfast. Of course the people are proud of these brave boys, for they think they will grow up to become brave warriors.

It was to help just such little boys that Dan Crawford went to Africa. He went to tell the people of that dark land that God loved little boys and girls, and that He wanted every one to love them and be kind and good to them. It is only where people love Jesus that little children are well cared

for and are happy. Think how differently we expect our little boys and girls to lead us. We expect them to lead us in sweetness and gentleness, in winsome ways and loving helpfulness, in trust and faith and prayer. This is why the child-heart is first in the Kingdom of Heaven.

I wonder if you ever saw a picture of a little child—I think it is the Christ-child who stands with a palm branch in his hand and a great throng of animals, some wild, some tame following after him. The lamb is there and the lion is there, and because of the little child they are at peace. Where the spirit of the Christ-child is, the lion and the lamb lie down together. Thousands of little children still say as their childhood prayer:

> "Gentle Jesus meek and mild,
> Look upon a little child,
> Pity my simplicity,
> Suffer me to come to Thee."

It is a good prayer for little people, and I know none better for all big people.

XLVI

A Great Queen's Birthday

"On his birthday."—MARK vi. 23.

THE older one is, the prouder she becomes That is not always the rule in America, but it is in China. Old age in China is a crown of glory, and the birthdays of old people are not forgotten, but remembered and observed with great joy and rejoicing. This is a story of a birthday present. The birthday was the sixtieth birthday of a queen. She was the queen of China and her name—The Empress Dowager.

There are two birthdays spoken of in the Bible. One is in the Old Testament and one is in the New Testament. Both are birthdays of two bad kings. I was nearly telling you their names, but I think I will let you find out for yourself. If you can't find out then I'll help you. This story is not about a king, but about a queen, and though she, too, was a great ruler, yet I fear she was not a very good queen.

It was in the year 1894 and the Christian women of America and Europe and China

decided they would like to give the empress a present. It was not because they greatly loved her, but because she was the queen, and she could be a help or a hindrance to the great work of the Kingdom of God in China. Everybody was giving the empress a present and the whole country was preparing to celebrate her birthday. A great stone road had been built from the city of Peking to her summer home, fifteen miles away. Every one wished to do something, and the Christian women who were interested in China thought they, too, should give the empress a gift. But what could they give? Silver and gold and jewels and everything valuable that China could obtain were being given, and these Christian women wanted to give something no one else would give, and something that might help her and do her good. After much thought they decided to give her a book, and of course they wanted to give her the best book they could find, and of course the best book they could find was the Bible. They, therefore, planned to present to her on her birthday a beautiful copy of the New Testament. So they sent to England for a New Testament. It took a long time to get it, for it had to be made to order. New type was made from which to print it. The finest

India paper was secured. It was bound not in leather, but in the purest of pure silver. It was embossed in bamboo, so as to make it look like something Chinese. When it was printed and bound it was enclosed in a solid silver box, and as the Chinese people love display and ceremony they put it in a red plush box, for red is the colour of happiness in China, and so the silver box was hidden in the red plush box, and the red plush box was enclosed in a finely carved teakwood box, and the teakwood box was placed inside an ordinary wooden box, and sent off to China, where it was presented to the queen by the American and British ministers. The queen was very much interested, and all the boxes had to be opened before her very eyes. First the plain American pine box was opened, and then the beautiful teakwood box, carved like the frame of her own portrait, and then the red plush box, which made her blush, for red is the bride's colour. In China the bride's dress is red, her chair is red and her presents are all done up in red, and tied with red ribbon. Then came the silver box, and inside that the beautiful book which contained

> "The beautiful words; wonderful words;
> Wonderful words of life."

The queen told what she thought of the gift and thanked the Christian women for their kind thought of her, but she never told what she thought of the wonderful message which was contained in the beautiful book. We know, however, that it was after she had received this gift of the Bible that great things began to happen in China: the cruel opium traffic was halted and the people were given a chance to govern themselves; and we know that the next day her young son, the Emperor Kuang Hsu, sent to the American Bible Society for a complete Bible so that he could read it for himself, and to-day China is like a new country, and thousands and thousands of people are reading and learning to love the Bible and its wonderful Gospel of the love of God. It was worth while, wasn't it, to send the queen a present on her birthday?

XLVII

A Boy Who Answered God's Call

"Speak, for Thy servant heareth."—1 Samuel iii. 10.

I am going to tell you about a great man who had two names. His real name was James—James Chalmers. He was a Scotchman, and I suppose his Scotch mother called him Jamie. I know a fine American boy whose name is James and his mother calls him Jamie; but then James is also his father's name, and I expect she calls him Jamie, so as not to get her husband's and her dear little son's name mixed. I hope little Jamie will become as good a man as his father.

Well, James Chalmers was a little Scotch boy, and lived under the shadow of an old castle by the name of Inveraray. His other name was Tamate. Tamate was his missionary name, for James Chalmers was a missionary among the cannibals of the South Sea Islands for thirty-five years, and lost his life there on a wild island, where he was killed by the cannibals he tried to help. You know a cannibal is a man who kills and eats other men, but we can be glad there are none

of them living within thousands of miles of us. It was on April 8, 1901, that James Chalmers lost his life, so you see it was not so very long ago that such an awful thing took place.

Perhaps you don't know much about this great man. It may be you have never heard either of his names. You will, however, take my word for it that he was a great man, and one of the greatest missionaries that ever lived. If you don't know much about James Chalmers, I'll tell you some one whose name you do know. You know about Robert Louis Stevenson, who said :

> " The world is so full of a number of things
> I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

Now Robert Louis Stevenson knew and loved James Chalmers, for they lived not very far from each other, away off in the South Seas, and Robert Louis Stevenson said that James Chalmers was the greatest man he had met in all his journeys in and out among the islands of the Pacific Ocean. R. L. S. (you know whose initials those are) said he wished he had had James Chalmers for a neighbour when he was a little boy, and said that life would have been so different if he had known him when they were

boys in Scotland. Writing to his mother he said, "I shall meet Tamate once more before he disappears up the Fly River. He is a man nobody can see and not love. Did I tell you that I took a chair at his missionary lecture by his own choice? I thought you would like that; and I was proud to be at his side even for so long. He has plenty faults like the rest of us; but he's as big as a church." Some day perhaps you can read more about this great good man and his work in New Guinea.

I am interested just now in telling you how James Chalmers came to be a missionary. He was not a rich boy and he was not a very poor boy. He lived, I suppose, like most boys, going to school and working a little in the holidays and attending Sunday-school; and because he was a little wild, he hid away out of sight whenever the minister was seen. One day at Sunday-school something happened. What do you think it was? Well, long years afterwards when he became famous, and people came in crowds to hear his story, he told what it was that happened that day in Sunday-school. Can you think what it would be?

Perhaps I had better let him tell it himself in his own way. Listen, now, and he

will tell you what happened: "I remember it well. Our Sunday-school class had been held in the vestry as usual. (Ask your father what a vestry is.) The lesson was finished, and we had marched back into the chapel to sing, answer questions, and to listen to a short address. I was sitting at the head of the seat, and can even now see Mr. Meikle taking from his breast pocket a copy of the *United Presbyterian Record*, and hear him say that he was going to read an interesting letter to us from a missionary in Fiji. The letter was read. It spoke of cannibalism, and of the power of the Gospel, and at the close of the reading, looking over his spectacles, and with wet eyes, he said, 'I wonder if there is a boy here this afternoon who will yet become a missionary and by and by bring the Gospel to cannibals?' And the response of my heart was, 'Yes, God helping me, I will.' So impressed was I that I spoke to no one, but went right away towards home. The impression became greater the further I went, until I got to the bridge over the Aray above the mill and near to the Black Bull. There I went over the wall attached to the bridge, and kneeling down prayed God to accept of me, and to make me a missionary to the heathen."

Well, now you know what happened that day in Sunday-school, and that was the greatest day in the life of James Chalmers. He was just a lad, but right there he heard God's voice calling him, and he rose up and followed all the rest of his days. It is always a great day when we hear God call us to our work in the world, and He usually calls us when we are boys and girls, just as He called James Chalmers and as He called Samuel.

On the first page of Rear-Admiral Philip's Bible these words were written :

> " Put any burden on me, only sustain me,
> Send me anywhere, only go with me.
> Sever any tie but this tie that binds me,
> To Thy service and Thy heart."

Admiral Philip was a great soldier-sailor, and he too answered God's call. Can you say,

" *Send me anywhere,*
Only go with me" ?

XLVIII

A Mother's Prayer and Its Answer

"I have prayed for you."—Luke xxii. 32.

I THINK the first time I ever heard a great missionary speak was when I heard Hudson Taylor. It was in the town of Guelph in Ontario, and I was perhaps about thirteen or fourteen years old. Of course I had often before heard missionaries speak, but they were not really great, and they did not interest me enough to remember them. But I remember Hudson Taylor. I do not remember what he said but I remember him. He was home from his mission field in China and was on a tour through Canada and the United States. He was one of the most wonderful of modern missionaries and what he was is more interesting even than what he did. He was a great Christian.

I would like to tell you how he became a Christian.

Like most boys who become great men, he had a good mother. Hudson was his mother's name. His mother had prayed for him and had asked God to make him a

minister of the Gospel. But when he was fifteen he went to work in a bank, and there he grew careless about his habits and forgot to pray and criticized people who called themselves Christians. It was a great grief to his mother and to his sister Amelia, who was two years younger than he. Amelia was a good girl and made up her mind that she, too, would pray for her brother until he became changed and they were all happy together.

One day his mother went away on a visit to a friend, some seventy or eighty miles distant. Having nothing special to do one afternoon, she went to her room, and locking the door began to pray for her boy who was wandering away from her love and from God's love. She did not know what her son was doing at the time. It was a holiday and she did not know where he was. But he was at home, and being alone went to his father's library and began to search for something to read. He found a little tract which was called "It is Finished." He knew it was what would be called a Sunday-school story, and so he said he would read the story part and let the sermon part go. He sat down to read and became so interested in it that he read both the story and the sermon. I suppose it must have been a very interesting

story-sermon. He did not know that on that very afternoon his mother was praying for him. She prayed on and on for hours, and then something told her that she had prayed enough, and she began to sing, her heart was so happy, and she was sure God had answered her prayer. And her prayer was answered, for Hudson Taylor learned from the little tract that there was nothing for him to do but to love and trust the dear Lord Jesus with all his heart. So there among the books in the library he began to sing a hymn I used to hear my own dear father sing when I was a very little boy. I feel sure you never heard it, but they used to sing it to a very pretty tune when your father and mother were little children. This is it:

"Nothing either great or small,
Nothing, sinner, no!
Jesus died and did it all.
Long, long ago.

"'It is finished'; yes, indeed;
Finished every jot;
Sinner, this is all you need;
Tell me, is it not?

"When He, from His lofty throne,
Stooped to do and die,
Everything was fully done:
Listen to His cry:

"Weary, working, burdened one,
Wherefore toil you so?
Cease your doing; all was done
Long, long ago.

"Cast your deadly 'doing' down —
Down at Jesus' feet;
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
Gloriously complete."

In two weeks Mrs. Taylor returned. She could hardly wait to see how her prayer was answered, and Hudson could hardly wait to tell her. He had told Amelia, but had pledged her to keep it secret that he himself might tell it to his mother when she came home. He was the first to meet her at the door, but before he could say a word her loving arms were around his neck, and as she kissed him she said: "I know, my dear boy; I have been rejoicing in the glad news you have to tell."

He was disappointed and said in surprise:

"Why! Has Amelia broken her promise? She promised she would tell no one."

Then his mother told him that she had not heard it from Amelia or from any one else, but that God had whispered it to her heart when she had prayed for him one afternoon two weeks ago.

How happy they were!

From that day Hudson Taylor began to prepare himself to be a messenger of the Gospel.

Remember that prayer is power. God asks us to pray and promises to fulfill our heart's desire when we ask those things that are pleasing to Him. Perhaps you can learn to say these words:

> "More things are wrought by prayer
> Than this world dreams of."

XLIX

A Story of Half a Crown

"This is the victory."—1 JOHN v. 4.

PERHAPS you will remember what I told you about Hudson Taylor being such a fine Christian as well as being a wonderful missionary. He was a man of faith. He asked God for money and God gave him money. He asked for missionaries and God gave him the men and the women. One year he asked for one hundred missionaries and that year the hundred sailed for China. He was the founder of what is known as the China Inland Mission. When he went to China he wanted to work where no one else was working, and in the heart of China he began what is to-day one of the most wonderful missions in the world.

Early in his Christian life he learned to trust God for everything.

This is how he learned his lesson :

He was working at Hull and at the end of the week his employer overlooked giving him his wages. All he had was half a crown.

That is a piece of English money worth sixty cents, a little larger than one of our fifty cent pieces. When Sunday came he was very happy notwithstanding his lack of money, went to church, and in the afternoon visited among the poor.

It was ten o'clock at night when he went to the last house to make his last visit.

A poor woman was very sick and apparently dying, and her husband had asked him to come and pray with her. He had gone for the priest, for he was an Irish Catholic, but the priest would not go without a fee of eighteen pence, and the man had no money and his family no food.

So Hudson Taylor went.

He soon found, however, that the poor family needed food as much as they needed prayer.

He had only one piece of money and nothing else, and he, too, had had no supper.

He tried to pray but no sooner did he say "Our Father" than his conscience said, "Do you dare to call God Father while these poor people are starving and you have that half crown in your pocket?"

He rose from his knees, thinking if he had only had that half crown in change he would gladly have given them half of it.

There was a little baby just two or three days old, and it was moaning, too weak almost to cry.

The poor father turned to the young man who had prayed beside the wretched bed and said, "If you can help us, for God's sake do."

A voice within was saying, "Give," "Give," "Give to him that asketh thee," and putting his hand into his pocket he drew out the half crown, all the money he had, and put it in the poor man's hand.

That half crown was like a fortune.

The poor woman's life was saved and the little baby fed.

And how happy he was!

He had only a bowl of gruel for his supper, but he went to his rest singing.

There was only a plate of porridge for breakfast, but before he ate, the postman came with a letter, and in it there were two gold pieces from some unknown friend.

Then he knew that whatever happened he could trust his Heavenly Father.

And he did. The motto of his wonderful life—and there has seldom been a more wonderful life—was "To move man, through God, by prayer alone." And he did. Why may not we?

L

Nyi, the Cotton Merchant

"Why tarriest thou?"—Acts xxii. 16.

Mr. Nyi was a successful business man in the Chinese city of Ning-po. One day he was passing along the street of his city when he heard a big bell ringing, and following the people he came to what the people of China call a "Jesus Hall." It was a little mission chapel where the missionary was preaching about Jesus, the Saviour.

A young man was preaching. He was dressed like a Chinese student, and he was preaching from the familiar verses in the third chapter of John's Gospel:

"*As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: That whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.*

"*For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved.*"

It was the first time that Nyi had ever heard the Gospel. He had often thought about God and about his sins, and the more he thought the less he liked God, for he felt

God must be angry with him on account of his sins. But this story the young preacher was telling was indeed good news, and Nyi listened with both eyes and ears open. He was not a bad man, but he was unable to find peace in his Chinese religion; and he had founded a new religion that had new ways in the hope that he might find God and rest for his soul. For the first time Nyi heard about Jesus and the love of God, of His mercy and goodness, and his heart was glad. When the minister ceased speaking Nyi arose and began to talk, for he, too, knew how to talk to people, and this is what he said:

"I have long sought the truth, as my father before me, but without finding it. I have travelled far and near, but have never searched it out. In Confucianism, Buddhism, Taoism I have found no rest; but I do find rest in what we have heard to-night. Henceforward I am a believer in Jesus."

Every one present knew Nyi, and his little sermon had more effect than the minister's longer one.

When the people were gone, Nyi remained to talk with the young minister. His name was Hudson Taylor. I hope you know his name and know something about him. They talked long into the night, and afterwards

Nyi, the cotton merchant, became a great helper to the missionaries and often spoke at the church services. He spoke before his friends, and told them why he had become a Christian, and asked them to follow him into the Christian faith.

And this is how he felt

One day he was talking with Dr. Taylor about the great change that had come into his life, when suddenly, looking up into the face of the missionary, he said :

" How long have you had the Glad Tidings in England ? "

The missionary was ashamed to tell him, so he tried to pass it over by saying that it was several hundred years.

Nyi was thunder-struck and cried out in his surprise :

" What ! Several hundred years ! Is it possible that you have known about Jesus so long and only now have come to tell us ? Why, sir, my father sought the truth for more than twenty years, and died without finding it."

Then with a sigh in his voice that spoke the pain of his heart he added :

" Oh, why did you not come sooner ? "

Why ? Can any one answer Nyi's question ?

LI

In a Chinese Guest Hall

"As many as receive Him."—JOHN i. 12.

HUDSON TAYLOR, the founder of the Chinese Inland Mission, had a helper whose name was Neng-Kuei. He was not a minister. He was a basket maker, but few ministers could talk or preach better than he. When he became a Christian he refused to work on Sunday, and so lost his position; and refusing also to make baskets to hold incense which was to be offered before the heathen idols, he lost the chance to work in private homes. But he was a good basket maker—none could make a better basket than he—and thus he was able to find enough work to keep him from begging, and he was happy.

One day he went to a rich home with his stock of baskets, and the Chinese ladies, with their little feet, crowded around him and asked him to make some special baskets for holding incense. The house was being redecorated, and they wanted everything as nice as could be. Neng-Kuei did not notice a workman away up near the ceiling decorat-

ing the guest hall, but he knew that when he refused to make the incense baskets, the Chinese ladies were very angry.

"What! Not make baskets for holding incense? Refuse an order for anything to be used in the service of the gods?"

They were very angry and the painter pricked up his ears to listen.

"Do not be angry, ladies," replied the basket maker. "I am sorry not to comply with your wishes, but I cannot make or sell anything for the worship of idols."

"And why not? Why not?" said the ladies, who were more surprised than ever.

"Because," said Neng-Kuei, "I am a believer in the Lord Jesus."

The painter stopped his work to listen.

"I am a believer in the Lord Jesus," said the basket maker, "and a worshipper of the true and living God."

And while the ladies listened he told them all about Jesus, and the God who is over all, until they grew restless and impatient, and tottered off on their tiny feet to their rooms, angry and indignant.

* * * * * *

"What was that you were saying?"

The voice came from up near the ceiling. It was the painter.

"You did not see me," said Wang, for that was his name. "I am painting up here. What was it you were saying? I heard, but tell me again."

And there in that rich home, in the great guest hall, where the ladies of the house had heard, but had not heeded the wondrous message, Wang heard, for himself, the beautiful story of the love of God. He heard and heeded and Wang Lue-djun became a true and trusted follower of the Master.

In that beautiful Chinese guest hall that day the Master Himself had come as a guest, and was welcomed, not by the ladies of the home, but by the workman, whom no one but He seemed to see. It is often so. Jesus often comes to the place where people welcome their friends, and He, the greatest friend of all, is neglected.

"O Jesus, Thou art standing,
Outside the fast closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To cross the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christian;
His name and sign we bear:
Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there."

LII

A Christmas Story

"He gave Himself."—GALATIANS ii. 20.

ON the west coast of Africa there is a missionary station in which I have always been greatly interested. Years ago a young man from Western Pennsylvania went there as a missionary. His name was Adolphus C. Good. He collected many beautiful specimens of butterflies and bugs of all kinds, and if you go to the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburgh you can see them there; and my friend, Dr. Holland, the director of the Museum, says that Dr. Good showed more skill in collecting and investigating African wild life than any other one before his day. It was he who visited the dwarfs, the little odd people of Africa, in their own villages, and then told such quaint stories about them. But it is not about Dr. Good I want to tell, but about a little African girl of that mission who was won out of savagery, and who became a sweet and beautiful Christian girl.

It was Christmas Day and she had come

with all the negro Christians to the mission to celebrate the Lord's birthday. They did not come to receive presents from the mission nor from each other. They came to bring to Him, whose birthday it was, the best gift they had. After the service of prayer and praise was over and they had sung about Jesus, just as we do on Christmas, the people came forward in a long procession to the front of the church, each one laying in the hands of the minister the gifts that had been brought for the Saviour and His work.

They were very, very poor, and their gifts were very humble. Perhaps we would have smiled had we been there, but they were all given in great love; and their gifts were generous, for they brought them out of deep poverty. You remember Jesus said the woman who had given two mites had given more than the rich, for Jesus counts not what we give but what we have left, and she had nothing left. She had given everything.

These poor people of Africa brought, some of them, a handful of vegetables, or a handful of flowers, or a penny. Among the Christian givers that year there was a new face. I do not know her name. We will call her Queen. She was a fine-looking girl

of sixteen. She had been an idol worshipper, and from under her old dress she brought forth a silver coin and put it in the hand of the missionary. It was worth eighty-five cents. He was so surprised and amazed at her gift that at first he refused to take it, and told her to come to him after the service, when she could tell him quietly where she had gotten such a fortune, for he feared she had perhaps stolen it. What was his surprise to find that, in order to give Jesus an offering that would satisfy her heart, she had sold herself to a neighbouring planter as a slave for the rest of her life for this eighty-five cents, and had brought all of it—every cent—and laid it down at the feet of her dear Lord, who had redeemed her from a worse slavery than that would be into which she had sold herself.

I do not know what the missionary did, for he could not allow her to be a slave to any one, and I suppose he himself bought her freedom again for her; but I know that there was a great love in her heart, and I am wondering if there is a better Christian in all the world than this little black Queen who was willing to give herself, because of her great love, so that through her gift others might be told the great and wonder-

ful story of Christmas and the gift of God's love to the world. For the gift of God to the world was not one of gold, nor silver, nor riches of any kind, but of love. He gave Himself. All true life gives. We must give if we want to live.

"I looked upon a sea
And lo! 'twas dead,
Although by Hermon's snows
And Jordan fed.

"How came a fate so dire?
The tale's soon told.
All that it got it kept
And fast did hold.

"All tributary streams
Found here their grave,
Because that sea received
But never gave.

"O sea that's dead! teach me
To know and feel
That selfish grasp and greed
My doom will seal.

"And help me, Lord, my best,
Myself to give,
That I may others bless
And like Thee live."

LIII

The Boy Who Answered "Ready!"

"Here am I."—ISAIAH vi. 8.

I SUPPOSE you wonder sometimes where all the missionaries come from! Of course they come from our homes and churches and Sunday-schools and colleges; and then, too, they also come from the great missionary organization that tries to supply the mission field with workers. It is called "The Student Volunteer Movement." It holds a great convention once every four years, and meets usually during the Christmas holidays when the students are free to attend. Every college and seminary and university sends one or more of its students, and there they hear about the great work that is being done in taking the Gospel to every land; and then many of them decide to become volunteers. They promise, if the way opens, that after they have finished their education they will go as missionaries.

Let me tell you a story that was told at the great convention which was held at

Nashville, in 1906, after which many young men and women became volunteers. It was told by my friend, Dr. Robert E. Speer, who is not a missionary himself, but is a maker of missionaries. This is the story: "I went a few weeks ago out to Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, to attend the dedication of the gymnasium built there in memory of Hugh McAllister Beaver; and, as I came away, his father gave me the history of his regiment in the Civil War, the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers. It seems to me one of the most remarkable historical books that has grown out of that great struggle. It is the story of this one regiment told by different people—by the brigade commander, by the colonel, by the adjutant, by the ambulance officer, by the captains of the companies, by the private soldiers themselves—and one of the first chapters of all is entitled, 'The Sister's Story.' It is a story of how some of the lads of the regiment came to be enrolled. It was in the year 1862. President Lincoln had issued a call for 300,000 men and then a call for 300,000 more, and the War Department had drawn up provisions for a draft in case the men were not voluntarily offered; and this one county in Pennsylvania did not wish to stand under the ignominy of a draft, but de-

sired that the men who were to go from that county should offer themselves freely in response to that call.

"This sister tells how the appeal came to the little village in which she and her brother lived, in Center County, Pennsylvania. There was a small country academy there; the summer vacation was just over, and the boys and girls had come back again from the farms for the first day of the academy year. She said that she came walking up the village street with a friend of hers, another little child, and as they came up the pathway through the yard of the school, arm in arm, with a little bunch of flowers held in both their hands, and their heads bowed down very close together, as little girls often talk with one another, confidentially, they were suddenly impressed with the silence of the school yard. Instead of the noise of play and the chatter of an opening day at school, all the boys and the girls were sitting quietly on the school stoop; and when they came up they asked the older boys what the trouble was. Were there any specially dark tidings from the war? And they said: No, it was not that; but Professor Patterson had decided to enlist and he wanted to know how many of the boys of the school would go

with him, and a meeting was to be held in the village church that evening in which they were all to be given an opportunity to say what they would do. She said that at once she left her little companion and sought out her brother, and she said to him, 'Harry, are you going to enlist?' and he said yes, he thought he would. After they reached home his mother said: 'You are only sixteen years old; you cannot enlist without father's allowing you to go, and you know how we have all built on you, on your brightness, and are making sacrifices at home in order that you might go to college. You must not go away now to the war.' He insisted that when the opportunity came he was afraid he would have to respond. And the sister tells how that night in the little village church, when Mr. McAllister of Bellefonte made his appeal for volunteers, and had finished, the principal of the academy rose with a long paper in his hand; and her little girlish heart almost stopped beating when she realized what it was that he was going to do, and then when he had made his careful, simple statement as to the purposes that led him, and the motives that constrained him, he said he was going to call the school roll, and every boy who wanted

to, could respond 'Ready' to his name. In a silence like the silence of death he began at the top of the line: 'Andrews,' 'Ready'; 'Baker,' 'Ready'; and when he came to 'K,' the little girl said her breath just absolutely stopped, and when the name Keller was called, she heard a clear, boyish voice answer without a tremor, 'Ready,' to his name."

After Dr. Speer told this interesting story he said there was One present with them in the convention, even Jesus, and He was calling their names and asking them to answer whether they would go forth into the world, not to fight and to kill, but to help and to heal and to save, and more than one that day said: "Ready! Here am I; send me!"

I wonder, when He calls you, if you too will say, "Ready! Here am I; send me!"

"Hark! the voice of Jesus crying,
'Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, and harvests waiting;
Who will bear the sheaves away?'
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
'Here am I; send me, send me.'"

LIV

The Children of Everyland

"Boys and girls playing in the streets."
—ZECHARIAH viii. 5.

CHILDREN are children all the world over. When Jesus said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," He meant the children not of America only, but the children of everyland. They need the same Saviour and the same love and the same good time that all children everywhere need.

In China, if you will look you will find that the children love the Mother Goose rhymes and jingles just like our little children. They have a Chinese Mother Goose Book, too, and in it they have some rhymes that we ought to know. Here is one:

"This little cow eats grass;
This little cow eats hay;
This little cow drinks water;
This little cow runs away.
This little cow does nothing,
But just lies down all day;
We will whip her."

And the Chinese mothers and big sisters say

and sing it while they count the toes on baby's foot, and when they come to the little toe, which "does nothing, but just lies down all day," they play with it, and when they say, "we will whip her," they playfully slap the sole of the little baby's foot, and then they all laugh.

In Japan, on the third day of the third month, the little Japanese girls hold "The Feast of Dolls," when all the house is turned into a great playroom, and all the great and small dolls are on exhibition. There are silver dolls and china dolls, and dolls that look like the emperor, and dolls that look like the empress, dolls that sit on the floor and dolls that sit on a throne, dolls a hundred years old and dolls of only yesterday, and for three long happy days the dolls are the centre of interest, for it is "The Feast of Dolls." Then on the fifth day of the fifth month the Japanese boys celebrate "The Feast of Flags." They have little figures of national heroes on red covered shelves, and behind each hero is a flag. The flower of the day is the iris, or the flag of the field, because its leaves are sword shaped, and the boys long most of all to be soldiers like the brave old heroes of Japan.

In Africa the black children love to play

like other children, but many of them have had no chance, and children must have a chance to play. God meant children to play, and in the Bible we read that in the coming City of God boys and girls will be playing in the streets. Playing and praying are like twin sisters, and ought always to be found together. Some of the African children have never seen such a thing as a doll. Think of that! One of the missionaries from Togoland tells that when the first two dolls came to the mission house, the children were afraid of them and ran crying to their mothers. After a while they grew to like them and would take turns in borrowing them for a day at a time, just as we borrow books from the library. The missionary told her friends about the children's love for the dolls, and the mission bands in England dressed a hundred dolls and sent them to Africa. When they arrived there was great excitement and a real doll show was arranged. All the dolls were put out on the veranda, and men and women, old men and old women and little children, came to enjoy the rare sight. Everybody wanted a doll, and when the boys found that only the girls received the great gift of a doll, they dressed up in their sisters' clothes and tried to pretend they were girls,

so they too might have a doll to play with. The old king of the country, King Kasagama, took the little doll that had been dressed as a bride for his own little daughter, the negro princess Ruth, and kept it locked in his room so he could play with it himself. They were all so happy, and wherever the Christian missionaries have gone in Africa and India and China, child life has been made sweeter and happier. The Gospel of Jesus is for little children. He loves the children of everyland. They are singing to-day in nearly all the languages on earth the hymn we sing, "Jesus loves me, this I know." And we too are trying to tell the story of His love to all the world. I would like the children of all our mission circles and Sunday-schools to learn to sing the children's missionary song: "The World's Children for Jesus." This is the first verse:

The cunning papoose in the wigwam that lives,
Whose life is so happy and free,
Is my Indian brother; and Jesus loves him
Just as He loves you and me.

And now you will wish to know all the verses and the beautiful music, and here they are:

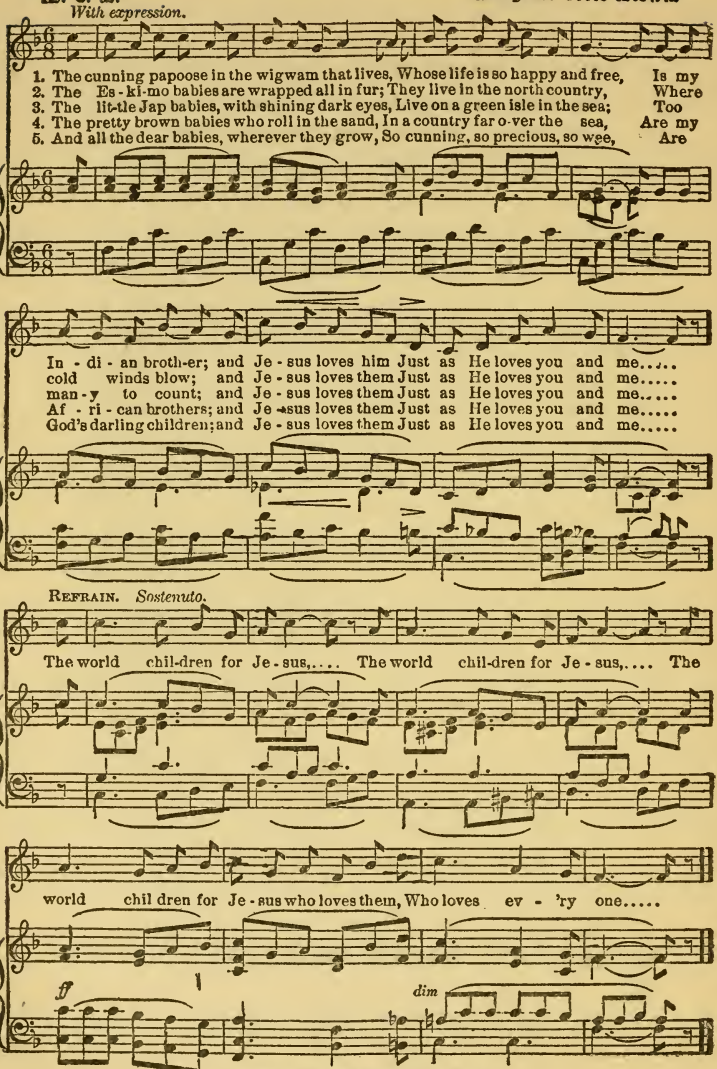
Printed in the United States of America 4

The World Children For Jesus.

"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

M. C. B. Margaret Coote Brown.

With expression.



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